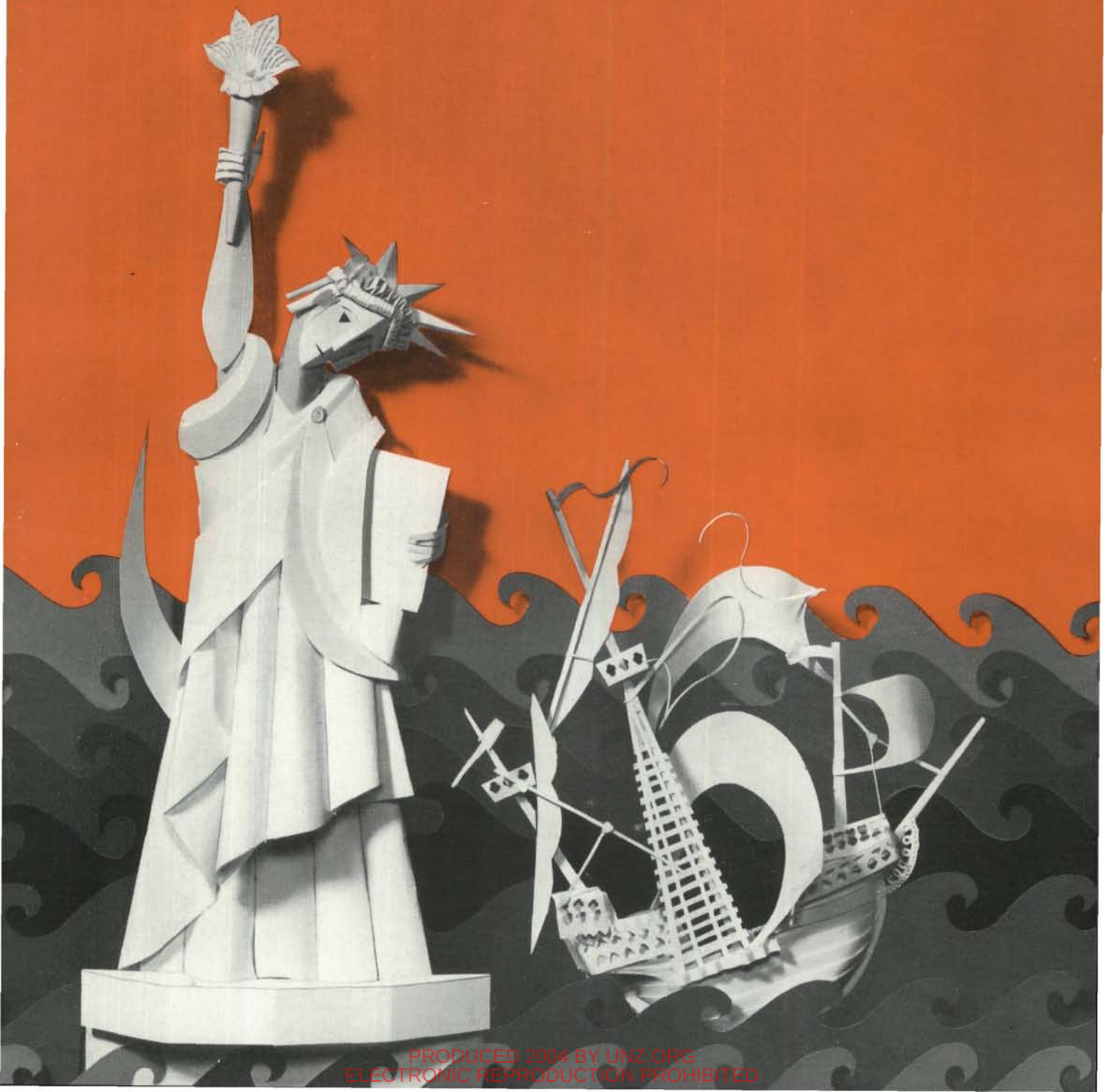
EDWARD CORSI TELLS HIS STORY

May 5, 1955 25¢

THE REPORTER



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This is a reciprocal agreement, too—

Before the pact is sealed, a common bond born of understanding, respect and admiration is needed.

These qualities are essential for any wholehearted agreement—whether it be a wedding of two people's lives or a welding of two nations' ideas.

Such, too, were the qualities that inspired the highly successful Reciprocal Trade Agreement of 1936, between the United States of America and the Confederation of Switzerland.

Understanding, respect and admiration for each nation's talents and toil were the foundations of this trade treaty.

In the 18 years that followed the Agreement of 1936, our countries enjoyed billions of dollars worth of trade with each other.

In the past nine years alone, the Swiss people bought more than $1,500,000,000 worth of your machinery, tobacco, cotton, food—practically every category of America's farm and factory production.

In return, America purchased approximately $1,000,000,000 worth of goods from Switzerland—gaining a trade balance profit of $500,000,000 for its businessmen, farmers and workers. Almost 50% of America's purchases was in our watches and watch movements.

Uneven as this trade was, it was of great benefit to both our countries. **In Switzerland we serve American food, and our clothes are made of American cotton. Your machinery helped maintain a standard of living second only to your own. And our purchases were paid for in cash.**

Our watches and watch movements helped America, too. They helped build an American jewelry industry that now employs over 150,000 people, does an annual retail watch business of more than $450,000,000. Swiss jeweled-lever watches have long produced the heaviest share of retail jewelry store sales and service volume.

Whether the honeymoon is over for this friendly exchange of goods and ideas is a matter for men—and time—to decide.

For the watch tariff level of the Agreement of 1936 has been discarded, and replaced by a new high tariff on Swiss watches and watch movements.

But we hope that the qualities that have inspired our mutual friendship remain unchanged.

For out of them can grow again the two-way trade that has helped to maintain our economies, that has helped to strengthen our democracies.

Published by
THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND
during the 104th anniversary of
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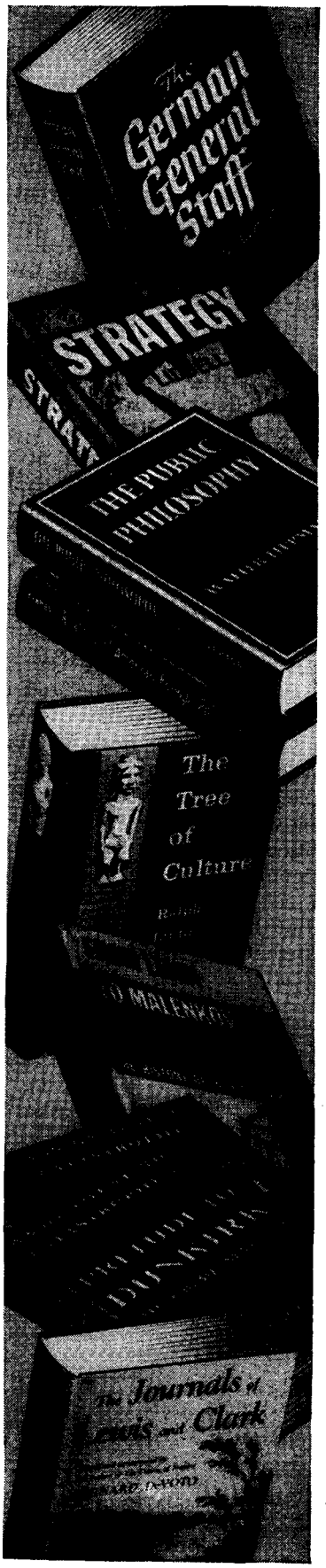

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

One World

For the nearly one thousand delegates who met at Bandung, without a single carrier of the white man's burden present, the occasion had the initial excitement of ceremonial novelty and of a stage on which twenty-nine colored nations of Africa and Asia could parade their unity before a world whose paler regions had long looked down on them.

This was to be a conference with a difference. It was to be unlike those at which great powers had been observed to dominate the small, and its discussions would revolve not around "controversial issues"—so Prime Minister Nehru of India, the spokesman of a great power himself, said he hoped—but only around "general principles." Such general principles, presumably, could be agreed upon by nations as different as little black becalmed Liberia and militant Communist China, simply because both Liberia and Red China were nonwhite.

Some of the delegations, to be sure, had their own axes to grind, in spite of Nehru's request for no axes. The Indonesians were interested in condemning the presence of the Dutch in western New Guinea. The Arabs were interested in condemning Israel. Red China hoped to get support for its claims to uninvited Formosa. The anti-Communist Arab bloc was so eager to denounce Israel, in fact, that it went arm in arm with Communist Chou En-lai.

"Colonialism" and "exploitation" were fighting words to all the delegations, but the Bandung Conference on general principles split open over the issue of whose colonialism and whose exploitation.

Such lamentable manifestations of advanced western politics as log-rolling, lobbying, and arm twisting—plus maneuvers by which the powerful push around the weak—had previously been known to the polyglot delegates at Bandung either through hearsay, historical reading, or even from attendance at the United Nations. Now at their own bicontinental U.N., quite suddenly the delegates found their experience broadening. Countries that had lived in comparative innocence far removed from the world's political main stream and that had looked at it with a mixture of mistrust and envy now found themselves being caught up in it, and learning that it was one stream. They were progressing. They both discovered and proved the sameness of human nature irrespective of pigmentation. For the good Lord has distributed the violent and the weak, the bad and the good, among all the nations of the earth regardless of color.

The Afro-Asians are trying to organize their part of the world, and the attempt leads them to discover that this is one world after all.

The Price of Freedom

When it became known that the eleven Russian student editors turned down their arranged trip to the United States because they objected to being fingerprinted, we called at the State Department to find out just what had gone wrong. An expert on Soviet affairs received us, and remarked that the whole thing was unfortunate. But "Congress passed the law and we have to obey it."

We asked if there wasn't some provision in the Act by which either the Attorney General or the Secretary of State could waive the requirement. "I think there is something of the sort in the Act," said the official, "but we didn't think it applicable." Could we see the Act? we asked. He sent out for it. It appeared that no fingerprinting exceptions could be made.

What about other Russians who had been allowed into the country in recent years? we asked; had they been fingerprinted? Oh, the answer came, they were official. They had been given diplomatic status, which doesn't require fingerprinting. In 1946 a group of Russian writers and artists, including the propagandist Ilya Ehrenburg, had come to this country, but that, too, was considered an official tour. Why were they any more official than the students? we asked. "It's a difficult distinction," said the man at the desk. "I think it has something to do with the purpose of the visit." Then a group of Soviet scientists had come over last year to attend Columbia University's bicentennial. Had they been fingerprinted? No, they were also official.

"But then," the man at Foggy Bottom went on, "when we began getting all these requests for visiting

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"He said without mentioning names that some Congressmen apparently think American young people are contaminated if they associate with foreigners."
—New York *Herald Tribune*

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The right vaccine
To immunize the young American mind
Against obscene
Philosophies—not from abroad, but here:
The crippling virus—fear
Spread by the sick among us. This
Is the new paralysis; the new
Contamination by our faithless few.

—SEC

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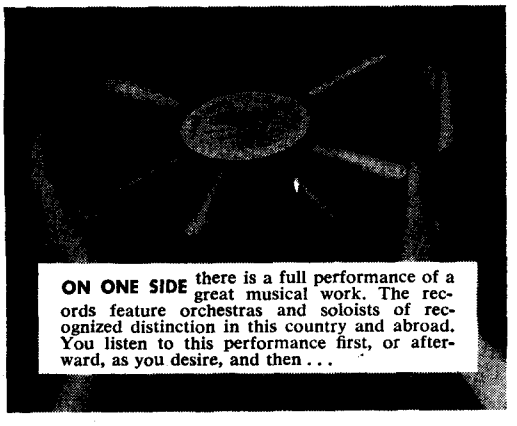

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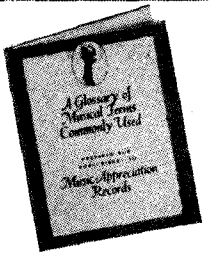

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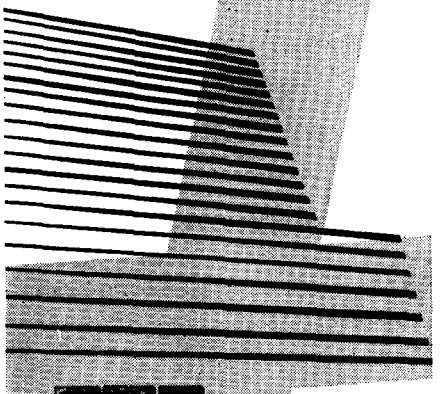

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weight lifters, artists, and student editors, we decided we couldn't strain the McCarran-Walter Act any further. These people couldn't by any stretch of the imagination be considered diplomatic visitors, and they shouldn't be treated that way. Once we had decided they were to be given unofficial visas, there wasn't anything we could do about it but fingerprint them, was there?"

WHAT ABOUT the Soviet chess team that had come to America a while ago? Had they been fingerprinted? The official looked abashed. "Our Embassy in Moscow slipped up there. They just aren't used to issuing unofficial visas."

Come to think of it, under a totalitarian system everyone works for the government. So why wouldn't it be logical for the State Department to decide that people living under tyranny need not be fingerprinted but that there can be no exceptions to the fingerprinting requirement for citizens of free countries?

Once Over Lightly

Democrats' guns have long been trained on the record of the Administration's employee-security program. Now that Senator Hubert H. Humphrey's Government Operations Reorganization Subcommittee has completed its hearing on the question of whether the program should be studied and improved by a Presidential commission, we were told that the time was at hand for another investigation—led by Democratic Senator Olin D. Johnston of South Carolina—to take over. Last autumn, Senator Johnston charged that the Civil Service Commission's figures on dismissals from the Federal service were "phony," and promised a hard-hitting inquiry. It had been assumed in Washington that his Post Office and Civil Service Committee had been working on it ever since.

But, we discovered, that is not quite what happened. We called on former Senator Guy Gillette, recently appointed counsel of Johnston's committee, and learned that the spadework is only now beginning. Far from preparing for public hearings, the Committee has put them off to the indefinite future—"if ever."

The Democrats' original fury at Vice-President Richard M. Nixon's campaign use of the Civil Service Commission's figures to document the "Communists-in-government" charge seems to have evaporated into thin air. "We're trying to get away from partisanship now," remarked Mr. Gillette, a big man with silvery hair who still looks every inch a Senator. "We're not interested in klieg lights or putting on a show."

Matters were proceeding very slowly, we learned. Senator Johnston had appointed his subcommittee only a few weeks ago, and they had not yet held a meeting. Mr. Gillette is now spending his time studying the various governmental regulations on security. The Committee has an appropriation of $125,000, which it has used so far to hire ex-Senator Gillette, three investigators, and a lawyer. They have received three to four hundred unsolicited complaints about the security program from government employees, and eventually they intend to look into them. No, said Mr. Gillette, they hadn't sifted them yet. "We can't afford an army, you know."

Was he keyed up about the investigation? "Its importance," he replied promptly, "can hardly be overestimated . . . But you realize that under any system some employees are bound to be hurt." And then he added: "I only took this job on a temporary basis."

Talking with Mr. Gillette, we came to suspect that the Democratic leadership in Congress doesn't really care much about politics—except in November every other year.

D.A.R. WANTS ATOMS-FOR-PEACE PROJECT ABANDONED

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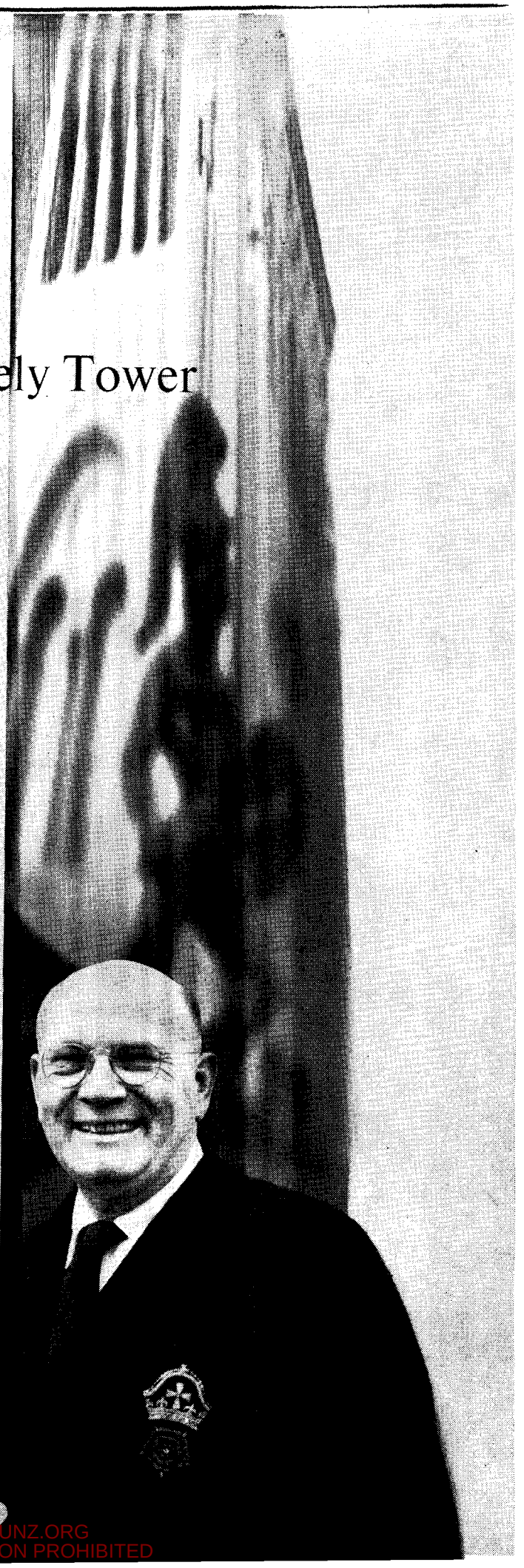
How I Feel About LIFE

A Child Reared in a Lonely Tower



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If a child reared in a lonely tower had only the back files of LIFE to instruct him, he could meet the high points of human history from the first chipped flint to the atomic Nautilus; from the Altamira cave paintings (through da Vinci and Rembrandt) to Van Gogh and the latest exponent of welding-torch art; from the Lake Villagers to the United Nations.

He would know (through text and picture) about Periclean Athens, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, and the Age of Reason—and the unfolding history of our own rich, vast, potential America. He would know much about the earth, the sea, the forests, the weather, and his own chemistry. He would, moreover, see his own time face to face and recognize the vital problems that confront him in the contemporary world.

As a teacher, I thank LIFE for reminding us again and again of our human heritage, of our place in time and space, and of man's eternal struggle to learn about himself and his world.

DR. FRANK C. BAXTER

Professor of English Literature, University of Southern California

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FROM ALBERT EINSTEIN

To the Editor: Having met Dr. Albert Einstein in the company of a delegation of students from Yeshiva University two years previously, and having been deeply impressed by his intellectual courage, I was puzzled by the advice, seemingly defeatist, which appeared to flow from his letter in the November 18, 1954, issue of *The Reporter*. [Commenting on a series of articles that described the situation of scientists in the United States, Dr. Einstein wrote: "If I would be a young man again and had to decide how to make my living, I would not try to become a scientist or scholar or teacher. I would rather choose to be a plumber or a peddler in the hope to find that modest degree of independence still available under present circumstances."]

I wrote to him, chiding him for appearing to abandon science for plumberdom, and for leaving scholarship and teaching because of a wall of prejudice. I was mistaken. His answer to me was in a form that is especially significant now that the world has lost the living mind of one of its greatest friends. I hope his letter will be of value to students contemplating science and life.

ARTHUR TAUB
New Haven

Here is a translation of Dr. Einstein's letter to Mr. Taub:

You have completely misunderstood the intent of my remark. I wanted to suggest that the practices of those ignoramuses who use their public positions of power to tyrannize over professional intellectuals must not be accepted by intellectuals without a struggle. Spinoza followed this rule when he turned down a professorship at Heidelberg and (unlike Hegel) decided to earn his living in a way that would not force him to mortgage his freedom. The only defense a minority has is passive resistance.

Very truly yours,
ALBERT EINSTEIN

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

To the Editor: The progress of *The Reporter* since 1952 seems to me to be remarkable. You must be almost unique in your increase in pages of advertising from seven in 1952 to 180 in 1954 and with 1955 running ahead of 1954.

I can understand your rapidly growing appeal to advertisers. It comes from the vitality you are building into your editorial content.

WILLIAM BENTON
Publisher
Encylopaedia Britannica
New York

To the Editor: Congratulations to *The Reporter* on its sixth anniversary. I believe it has been performing an outstanding public service and particularly in two respects. First, I believe that its independent opinion on foreign policy is a real factor in the development of original ideas and in the struggle between the free world and the Communist world. Purely on the discussion level these can be presented especially for the information of those who make policy and for stimulating their own thinking. This is valuable.

Second, in the investigative pieces which have been undertaken, there is a continuity and a whole treatment of a subject from every angle which is again extremely important to those who are charged with the development of policy and opinions. Congratulations for continuing a superb job.

J. K. JAVITS
Attorney General
State of New York

THE BONIN AFFAIR

To the Editor: Unfortunately the article "German Arms and the Men" by Charles W. Thayer (*The Reporter*, April 21) does not discuss the real issues behind the dismissal of ex-Colonel Bogislav von Bonin.

Thayer is incorrect in stating that Bonin suggested the formation of a small professional army before a citizen army is set up. Bonin claims that the whole complex question of organization cannot be solved satisfactorily without prior consideration of the requirements imposed by the operational plans. The Blank Office has done just the opposite.

Bonin is opposed to the so-called "forward strategy" developed by U.S. General Schuyler. This strategy, which SHAPE seems to have adopted, is based on the belief that by massing tactical atomic weapons along the eastern frontier of West Germany it will be possible to smash any troop build-up necessary for the launching of a Communist attack. Bonin and a number of French and British experts, among them Captain Liddell Hart, advocate a strategy based on conventional weapons—strong frontier defense units, backed up by a highly mobile reserve for mopping-up purposes. They know that atomic warfare, no matter whether called tactical or strategic, is a two-way street. Hart believes that neither side will be insane enough to commit suicide and that therefore the atomic potentials of both sides will cancel each other out. And surely it is not unreasonable for the German Bonin to oppose a strategy which, if successful, will make an atomic desert of half of Germany, and if unsuccessful, of all of it.

Bonin's plan is also based on political considerations. He favors a small volunteer army—mostly anti-tank combat teams—that has *only* defensive capacities. This will reassure both France and the Soviet Union. Such a limitation is no loss militarily, says Bonin, because the proposed twelve-division army cannot be organized effectively in three years anyway. Bonin estimates that it will take at least seven or eight years. Since his proposed table of organization does not contain an offensive threat to the Soviet Union, Bonin believes it will increase the possibility of German reunification. Significantly, Bonin's memorandum is entitled "Reunification and Rearmament—No Contradiction."

HANS W. HELD
New York

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THE REPORTER

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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Two years ago on Washington's Birthday I went to Valley Forge, where I saw the original entrenchments and reconstructions of the huts in which the American army spent the terrible winter of 1777-78.

This Washington's Birthday I revisited Valley Forge without leaving my home. For this year I read about Valley Forge in Bruce Lancaster's new book, "From Lexington to Liberty: the Story of the American Revolution."

Lancaster proves again how exciting even the most familiar story can be when retold by an expert. Irving Stone (who also knows a good deal about writing history) read an early copy. He called me from Los Angeles to say that he found the book impossible to lay aside; that, despite his knowledge of the story, he simply had to keep reading to learn how it came out.

This is high tribute, but a deserved one. As I read it, I also felt chills of apprehension over the setbacks in the war's early years, and a great thrill of pleasure and pride when the army of Cornwallis finally laid down its arms at Yorktown.

We all know well the names of the American Revolution. They live today in the names of our states, cities, universities and hotels. But they also live in another and more real way in the pages of this book.

And curiously enough, it is easier (for me, at least) to visualize the past and participate in it from Bruce Lancaster's book than from a visit to the spot where the actual event occurred.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Bruce Lancaster's "From Lexington to Liberty: The Story of the American Revolution" ($6.00) is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. It is the third volume in the Mainstream of America Series, in which the history of this country is being retold in narrative form. Earlier volumes in the series are "The Age of the Moguls," ($6.00) the story of the building of America's great fortunes, by Stewart H. Holbrook, and Paul Wellman's "Glory, God and Gold" ($6.00), the story of the American Southwest. All three volumes may be obtained from your bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, including the one at 38 Clinton Ave., South, in Rochester, N. Y.

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THERE IS no editorial in this issue, and several other front-of-the-book features have been squeezed down to a minimum in order to provide full space at the last minute for the article by **Edward Corsi.**

Edmond Taylor is a regular contributor.

William Harlan Hale spent three years as Director of Public Affairs at the U.S. Embassy in Vienna.

Britain, like the Soviet Union, is now to be ruled by a triumvirate—at least until the elections. **William Clark,** of the London *Observer,* writes about Sir Winston's successors.

Anthony Lewis won a Heywood Broun Award for the article "Victim of Nameless Accusers," which appeared in the March 2, 1954, issue of *The Reporter.*

The initials G.A.T.T. stand for General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. To explain what G.A.T.T. is all about, *The Reporter* is privileged to present an article by an outstanding American businessman. **Eugene Gregg** is president of the Westrex Corporation, a member of the advisory group of the International Relations Committee of the National Association of Manufacturers, and chairman of the Technical Committee of the U.S. Council of the International Chamber of Commerce.

Robert Ardrey is now writing regularly for *The Reporter* from Africa.

Mark Van Doren, Professor of English at Columbia, is a poet (his *Selected Poems* were published by Holt last fall), a critic (*Shakespeare*), and a distinguished writer of fiction (*Nobody Say a Word and Other Stories*).

Virgilia Peterson, widely known as a lecturer, moderated "The Author Meets the Critics."

Fred M. Hechinger is education editor of the New York *Herald Tribune.*

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My Ninety Days In Washington

EDWARD CORSI

I SERVED three years under President Hoover, two years under President Roosevelt, twelve years under Governor Dewey, and ninety days under John Foster Dulles. This last period of service—the shortest—was also the most educational.

I was thirty-four when President Hoover appointed me Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island. An immigration racket had been discovered, involving wholesale smuggling of aliens across the Canadian border and from Cuba. The then Commissioner of Immigration had resigned. It was in the midst of this nationwide scandal, indicating conditions in the service which called for immediate correction, that President Hoover asked me to take over. Possibly the work I had done with the foreign-born on New York's East Side and as director of Haarlem House attracted Mr. Hoover's attention.

I still remember what he told me: that he could think of no more dastardly thing than the exploitation of poor people's eagerness to come to America—people who then were exposed to deportation once they got here. Rigid restriction on the basis of preferential national quotas, then as now the policy of the United States, was not to my liking. But I was more concerned with providing a humane interpretation of the law than with changing it.

IT MAY not be inappropriate to say here and now that during my years of service under Mr. Hoover's Administration, I developed a very high respect for him and that respect I have never lost. This much-maligned, misunderstood statesman stood and still stands for a kind of conservatism with which I do not always agree but which—as I have learned on more than one occasion—leaves room for dissent. Such a conservatism is based on principle, not on sloganeering. I am one of those who have not forgotten a time when Herbert Hoover was called—and rightly—"the great humanitarian." Certainly in my own personal experience as an official in his Administration, I came to realize that even when he was burdened with the Presidency the humanitarian in him was very much alive.

President Hoover and the high officials in his Administration who were connected with my work as Commissioner of Immigration knew about my liberal convictions and my faithful yet compassionate interpretation of the law. Their confidence never failed me. On the occasion of a dinner that friends gave me to celebrate my appointment by Secretary Dulles as his Special Assistant, Mr. Hoover sent the following telegram: MY ASSOCIATION WITH ED CORSI BEGAN SOME TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO. HE SERVED DURING MY ADMINISTRATION AS ONE OF THE BEST OFFICIALS IN OUR GOVERNMENT. HE HAS CONTINUED DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE EVER SINCE. YOU WILL HEAR NO STATEMENT AS TO HIS ABILITIES, CHARACTER OR SERVICE THAT I WILL NOT ENDORSE.

It was an exacting, heart-rending job to be Commissioner of Immigration. I had good reason to be fascinated by the work, since I myself had come to this country as an immigrant from Italy. My mother brought me here when I was ten years old. My father was dead. He had been a prominent man in the old country, a Member of Parliament and undeviatingly a rebel. He thought that the House of Savoy was not good for Italy, and his devotion to the republican form of government earned him the confidence of his fellow citizens of Tuscany, who sent him to Parliament; it also earned him persecution at the hands of the royal police and forced him into exile in Switzerland for two years. Frequently when I had to decide immigration cases, I could not help thinking that if the 1924 law had been in effect at the time my mother and I were immigrants, we might have had great difficulty in being admitted.

NO POSITION can more easily tempt a man to play God to other human beings than to be keeper of the gates to our country—a power that lately has been generously distributed to a large number of American officials all over the world. From my St. Peter-like position I think I derived a measure of humility and patience that has served me well during the last few months.

As Commissioner of Immigration, I had under my orders a force of several thousand officials for whose actions I was responsible. At the end

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of the Hoover Administration, President Roosevelt reappointed me—a Republican. I remained Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization until 1934, when, in the dark hours of the depression, Mayor LaGuardia appointed me Director of the Emergency Home Relief Bureau.

I thought I had seen enough human suffering on the East Side and at Ellis Island, yet I was staggered at the immensity of misery and despair to which I had to bring relief.

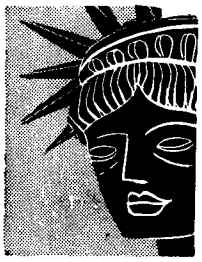
Those were the days when hundreds of thousands of unemployed were drifting through the streets of New York, and the city was called upon to house and feed 1.3 million men, women, and children at a cost of approximately $300 million a year. It was an appalling relief job, utterly unprecedented, for which the city was totally unprepared. Yet the job was done. As the director in charge, I had authority over a staff of eighteen thousand.

In 1943, I was appointed by Governor Dewey as head of New York State's Department of Labor. I was appointed for three four-year terms by Governor Dewey and confirmed on each occasion by the senate of the State of New York. To live up to my responsibilities I had to gain the respect of both management and labor. During that whole period, New York State held the national lead in peaceful labor-management relations and a minimum of time lost through industrial disputes. This fact was pointed out in Mr. Dewey's campaigns for re-election as governor and in his campaigns for the Presidency as one of the major achievements of his administration. The New York Labor Department has authority over unemployment insurance, workmen's compensation, the labor-management relations board, the mediation service, sickness and disability benefits, and so on. There again I was responsible for a large staff—more than fourteen thousand employees.

When in November last year the Democrats gained control of the Executive Branch of the government in New York State, I thought my career as a public servant had come to an end. I had worked for the city, the state, and the Federal government. I had given twenty-three years of my life to foster, to the best of my ability, the public interest. I had held positions of considerable authority and responsibility; twice I had run, unsuccessfully, for high public office—for U.S. Senator and for mayor of New York. Now the time had come, I thought, when I could take leave of public affairs and attend to my own.

I was considering various offers of private employment, particularly in the field of industrial relations. But I guess there is such a thing as the incorrigible public servant, the man always ready to give whatever administrative skill he has to the furtherance of the public interest. That tradition has been in my family for generations.

On December 1, while in Washington, I was notified that the White House was urgently trying to reach me. It was Maxwell Rabb, one of the President's assistants. He requested that I go over to see him immediately. I went to the White House that afternoon.



I have known Rabb for some time, and I have every reason to respect him. He is a serious, dedicated man, with a vigorous and forceful mind. I knew of his reputation as a trouble shooter for the President. The trouble he was shooting at in his conversation with me was very serious indeed. I knew the problem. The Refugee Relief Act of 1953 was not moving ahead as the President wanted it to. It was designed to bring in 209,000 people during its three-year life. Already more than one-third of its term had expired and less than eight per cent—not refugees as the President wished, but mostly relatives of people already here—had been admitted.

Would I consider, Rabb asked, working for the State Department to get the program really moving? He was sure that the Act eventually would work, and he thought I was the man who could do something to make it work.

I made it very clear to Rabb that I needed adequate powers to deal with the situation. I would not, I said, come down as an assistant to Scott McLeod, who had been administering the Refugee Act. Don't worry about McLeod, Rabb said. I insisted, for I knew what McLeod's reputation was among people familiar with immigration problems. I told Rabb that in the part of the country I came from McLeod's was a name used to frighten babies. Rabb replied that the Secretary said he would like me to have a position like the one he himself had held under Dean Acheson, reporting directly to the Secretary of State.

After a long discussion, I agreed to take Rabb's suggestion under consideration. Immediately, in my presence, he telephoned the State Department. Corsi might be interested, he said.

Dear Ed: . . .

I returned to New York. The next morning I received this telegram:

I HAVE LONG HOPED TO HAVE YOU ASSOCIATED WITH ME IN THE STATE DEPARTMENT WORKING ON MATTERS FOR WHICH YOU ARE UNIQUELY QUALIFIED. I HAVE HESITATED UP TO NOW BECAUSE OF YOUR HEAVY COMMITMENTS IN NEW YORK TO APPROACH YOU BUT I AM HOPEFUL THAT YOU MIGHT NOW BE AVAILABLE. I AM PARTICULARLY INTERESTED IN YOUR COMING IN AS A CONSULTANT TO ME WITH RESPONSIBILITIES IN THE REFUGEE FIELD UNDER THE PRESENT REFUGEE RELIEF ACT. THIS LAW IS ADMINISTERED BY SCOTT MCLEOD AND BEFORE WE CAN MAKE ANY FINAL ARRANGEMENT IT WOULD BE NECESSARY FOR YOU AND HIM TO HAVE A MEETING OF THE MINDS ON THAT PROGRAM. IN ADDITION TO THAT PROGRAM, HOWEVER, THERE ARE A NUMBER OF RELATED MATTERS IN WHICH YOU COULD BE HELPFUL TO US. I WOULD LIKE TO DISCUSS THESE WITH YOU SOMETIME IN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS AT YOUR CONVENIENCE AND HOPE THAT YOU WILL AT LEAST KEEP THE POSSIBILITY OPEN UNTIL WE HAVE HAD A CHANCE TO TALK.

JOHN FOSTER DULLES
SECRETARY OF STATE

I delayed my answer for a few days. I had misgivings about re-entering public service. But I knew

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that the most important part of the assignment would be over with the expiration of the Act in December, 1956. And here was a possibility to serve in a field where the experience I had gained during my years of public service could be of some use. I knew something about immigration and I knew something about finding jobs for people. A few days later, I wired Mr. Dulles my acceptance of his offer. The Secretary replied:

December 6, 1954

Dear Ed:

I was delighted to get your telegram accepting my plea that you come down here to work for us. As I told you, it will be necessary, before we finally firm up arrangements, for you and Scott McLeod to get together and work out some arrangement that you can recommend to me. I understand that he will not be back until just before Christmas and I hope we can both talk with you shortly after his return.

In the meantime, it is a source of great encouragement to me to know that you will be taking on this work by next month.

With warm personal regards.

Sincerely yours,

John Foster Dulles

Enter McLeod

Just before Christmas I went to Washington and, as suggested by the Secretary, had a conference with McLeod. Of course I knew that dealing with McLeod would be a tough game. But I counted on Rabb's assurance that I would be given the necessary power to carry out my work. At our first meeting McLeod was quite cordial. He wanted me to know that it was he who had suggested my name to the Secretary. We then discussed the program. He felt that he had been grossly misunderstood, that he really wanted the program to work, that there were certain people in this country who were making it difficult for him and the Administration. He felt I could be very helpful to him and to the program.

On December 30, a press conference was arranged in Washington at which the Secretary would announce my appointment. Just before this meeting, I had a short conference with the Secretary alone, followed by a meeting of three—the Secretary, McLeod, and myself—which was purely perfunctory and consisted of repeating that we were

going to do something about the program and how I might be helpful.

Before going to the press conference at which the Secretary was going to announce my appointment, McLeod introduced me to A. P. Short, a public-relations man who commuted from Oregon to give McLeod the benefit of his advice. Short told me he hoped I understood that the public-relations line was to boost the program, to insist it was working. He said he hoped I might be helpful in boosting the program too.

At the press conference the Secretary introduced me as an assistant to him and as an assistant to McLeod in administering the Refugee Relief Act. He said he had known me for a long time—he didn't know just how long—and he knew how dedicated I was to the aims of the Act. He said it was a good Act, that he had made a good start in the administration of the Act, and that both he and McLeod felt the desirability of having the additional assistance of someone who was a specialist in this field. He added, "I think Mr. Corsi is better qualified than anyone else in the United States to take up this task." At the press conference McLeod pointed out that I had other duties—aside, of course, from the administration of the Act.

I was taking up my new stint of Federal duty in a blaze of glory.

Yet I felt I had better be reserved in my statements to the press. I limited my remarks to the single observation that in my opinion the President and Congress had intended to bring in the 209,000 refugees and that I would help bring them in. I could not in all honesty carry out the public-relations line Mr. Short had asked me to promote.

Keep Traveling . . .

When I reported for work it was quite an anticlimax. It turned out that no office was assigned to me and no secretary. I was told that I would have to go to Europe in a couple of weeks. Meanwhile, I sat around McLeod's office using whatever empty desk was available. When McLeod was away I used his desk, but generally I used a little anteroom with safes in it: a tiny cell, insulated and soundproofed. It had two entrances, one from McLeod's office and the other from an anteroom in which a messenger sat at the entrance to the outside hall.

In my first talk with McLeod after reporting, he had indicated that nothing was more important for me than to go abroad. He had already arranged that I would be accompanied in Europe by John Rieger, a career service man who serves as general manager of the Refugee Relief, and Roy Wade, McLeod's representative in Europe, who, I later learned, was a former Texas Ranger.

McLeod indicated that I might also take trips in due time to South America or the Far East or the Near East. I got the impression that he thought traveling was the best way to learn my job.

Three days after I actually reported for work the official appointment came, but it was as Assistant Administrator for the Refugee Relief Program—that is to say, assistant to McLeod—the very job I had told Rabb I did not want and would not take. The appointment of Assistant to the Secretary of State which Dulles had announced at the press conference had not been made. I felt that the best thing for me was to walk out.

I asked for an appointment with Rod O'Connor, Dulles's secretary, and made it clear that I would not have come down to Washington just to become McLeod's assistant. Only if I had been appointed Assistant to the Secretary could I have had authority and independence enough to collaborate with McLeod in the administration of the Act. O'Connor told me he would clarify this situation, and two or three days later the

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Secretary's announcement went out to the field that the position of Special Assistant to the Secretary for Refugee and Immigration Problems had been created and that Edward Corsi was designated for the position.

WHILE WAITING to leave for Europe I did not just sit around answering mail and congratulations and attending a few meetings with the staff of the Refugee Relief program. I got right down to work. For a year, the various church and welfare agencies interested in bringing refugees to this country had been requesting a more reasonable interpretation of the Act. These voluntary agencies had to provide assurance of employment for each immigrant. According to the way the law was interpreted, only state employment agencies could certify these assurances. This meant forty-eight different interpretations of what assurance of employment meant.

I thought the only way out was for me to go straight to the Secretary of Labor, James P. Mitchell, and ask him that the State Department take over from Labor the responsibility of certifying the assurance of employment that the voluntary agencies had secured. Secretary Mitchell said: "Ed, I'll do it if you get a letter from Mr. Dulles." Thanks to O'Connor, the Dulles letter went to Mitchell.

Though every refugee must have assurance of a job, I did not think this meant that a refugee must have a specific job kept ready for him while he was still in Europe. I felt, for instance, that if in a city a certain number of hospitals had available jobs for a certain number of refugees, this assurance should be enough to provide the prospective employee who was still in Europe with a job certificate.

I went to see Herman Phleger, Legal Adviser to the State Department, and together we worked out an interpretation of the law that greatly smoothed out the relations between the State Department and the voluntary agencies.

A feeling grew among the voluntary agencies that for the first time there was a willingness to interpret the law in such a way that its purposes could be achieved.

Crying on My Shoulder

In my very frequent contacts with McLeod, I noticed a rather peculiar attitude on his part, a blend of whining and self-justification.

He complained of the difficulties of his position and the misunderstandings against which he had to struggle daily—of the fact that the inspection service had been taken out of his jurisdiction and that in general his responsibilities were being whittled down. Washington was a strange town, he said. Once you were appointed, your superiors left you entirely on your own. I suggested that some of his complaints ought to be taken up with higher authorities. He said that was not the way it was done in Washington. Higher authorities didn't really care to deal with other people's troubles. You had to fend for yourself.

It was difficult, he complained, to get the co-operation of other departments. The law itself was very difficult. He cautioned me about the need to go slow with the program because he didn't think that public opinion was in favor of the admission of immigrants to this country. As a matter of fact, he said that a public-opinion survey had been taken of sentiment on the Refugee Act and it had been found that six of every seven persons interviewed had expressed themselves as opposed to the further admission of any more people to this country. That was the feeling of Congress too, he said.

At times he commented on the concern of certain people on the Hill

as to my liberal views. He had reassured them. I was a practical liberal, he said—in other words, a liberal with his feet on the ground. Once he asked me what Walter had against me (referring to Representative Francis E. Walter, D., Pennsylvania). I said I didn't know Mr. Walter, had never met him, and hadn't the slightest idea what he had against me. McLeod said that Walter had asked, You're not going to send that guy Corsi to the Intergovernmental Committee on European migration in Geneva, are you? McLeod explained there had been some speculation in the Washington press that I might be named to fill the post made vacant on that committee by the death of Ambassador Hugh Gibson. He then assured me that he had straightened me out with the Congressman. Actually he was always straightening me out with somebody. I had no idea there could be so many people in Washington who hated or mistrusted me.

McLeod said that he too was inclined to think that the McCarran-Walter Act's quota provisions were unworkable, that he himself had a plan for an entirely new system of immigration to the United States which he would discuss with me some other time.

IN THOSE DAYS McLeod was so helpful that he nearly got me into real-estate troubles. He thought the thing for me to do was to buy a house in Washington. He recommended his real-estate agent, said he was a very fine man, not interested in money. This real-estate man got in touch with Mrs. Corsi and took her all around to see houses. Fortunately, Mrs. Corsi was too particular to settle on anything she saw.

McLeod was forever complaining to me about his problems. He had many of them, too many of them, and they were too big for him. He was trying to keep abreast of them, but it was getting too difficult. Nobody really understood him.

The day before I left for Europe McLeod phoned me in great agitation. A few days earlier, there had appeared in the Washington *Star* an article by Mary McGrory which caused a great deal of consternation in the Department. He said that his chief, Assistant Secretary Carl McCardle, was greatly disturbed that I had granted an interview to the press without departmental clearance.

Although there seemed to be great commotion at my having defined myself as "a left-of-center Republican," I felt that the whole rumpus had been caused by Miss McGrory's implication that I held "complete

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MR. EISENHOWER ON IMMIGRATION

"A contest for world leadership—in fact for survival—exists between the Communist idea and the American ideal. That contest is being waged in the minds and hearts of human beings. We say—and we sincerely believe—that we are the side of freedom; that we are the side of humanity. We say—and we know—that the Communists are the side of slavery, the side of inhumanity.

"The whole world knows that to these shores came oppressed peoples from every land under the sun: that here they found homes, jobs, and a stake in a bright, unlimited future. Here, uniquely, every man's children had one priceless bequest: the birthright of freedom. In every town and village in Europe, from the Ural Mountains to the Channel ports, that truth is known because some friend or kinsman came here to America and lived that truth and the countryside from whence he came marveled at his experiences.

"Yet to the Czech, the Pole, the Hungarian who takes his life in his hands and crosses the frontier tonight—or to the Italian who goes to some American consulate—this ideal that beckoned him can be a mirage because of the McCarran Act. . . .

"A better law must be written that will strike an intelligent, unbigoted balance between the immigration welfare of America and the prayerful hopes of the unhappy and oppressed."

—Newark, October 17, 1952

"No man's race or creed or color should count against him in his economic or civil or any other rights. Only second-class Americanism tolerates second-class citizenship. It's *time to get rid of what remains of* both, and that includes rewriting the unfair provisions of the McCarran Immigration Act."

—Boston Common, October 21, 1952

He didn't have a late, detailed report on it (the Refugee Relief Act). What he did have was a statement that the administrators had had great difficulty in trying to streamline procedures, in accordance with the prescriptions of the Act itself as passed, and to get the thing rolling.

—Press conference, March 24, 1954

authority and responsibility" over the Refugee Relief Act.

My Two Guardians

I flew to Europe on January 24. Both itinerary and purpose of the trip were established in my "Authorization of Official Travel."

ITINERARY: From Washington, D. C. on or about January 21, 1955, to New York, N. Y., Geneva, Rome, Athens, Naples, Salzburg, Vienna, Bonn, Frankfurt, Berlin, Paris and any other points in Europe or the Near East, etc. . . .

PURPOSE: To discuss visa and investigative procedures of the Refugee Relief Program with Foreign Governments and foreign service establishments in order to expedite the progress of the program according to P.L. 203.

Actually, whatever meetings I had on "visa and investigative procedures" were arranged, attended by, and reported back home by my two traveling companions, Messrs. Rieger and Wade. This was made unmistakably clear to me when two days after we reached Rome I received a cable from the State Department indicating concern at my failure to abide by Department protocol and requesting me to make all arrangements through the Embassy. The cable completely stupefied me, for I had made no appointments in France, none in Switzerland, and none in Rome except with one or two friends and relatives.

The President of the Italian Republic invited me to call on him as soon as I arrived in Rome. The initiative was his. I had previously met President Einaudi, just as I already had known quite a number of high government officials on earlier trips to Italy. When I arrived, some of these old acquaintances sought me out with the eager cordiality of men wanting to honor a native son who had made good.

But with the exception of the call on President Einaudi, all my appointments were made in accordance with Departmental rules through the Embassy, and I kept them in the presence of a third person as required by Departmental regulations. The third person was Cecil Gray, the American Consul General in Rome. Most of my appointments were with government officials, including some members of the Italian Cabinet, to discuss the program and the means of speeding it up. The rest were mere courtesy calls. Outside Italy, despite the stated purpose of my trip, I could not meet any foreign officials.

When I was in Bonn I discussed with the representative of the Intergovernmental Committee for migration the question of whether it was true that the people of Germany did not want to migrate to America. He denied this vehemently as one of the canards that enemies of Germany and immigration to the United States were trying to spread to keep Germans out. He suggested that I speak to the Minister of Refugees, a friend of his. I said I would like very much to meet him. It was to be arranged for me to call on him in Berlin. I never did meet this man. Behind my back my escort canceled the appointment.

If I met few foreign government officials, I certainly met plenty of U.S. officials abroad—and I heard plenty from many of them. The supervising Consul General in Bonn, whom I knew only casually, took me into a corner and asked me point-blank: What are you doing with those flatfeet? You're not really planning to waste your time on this project, are you? As for these characters and their boss back home, we're

sick and tired of seeing them around here.

He referred to the frequent visits of McLeod and his staff to Europe as the Cohn and Schine act.

On a one-day visit to the operation center in Naples a high official shook hands at the door of his office and disappeared for the remainder of our visit. It was obvious to me that there was a bitter anti-McLeod, anti-security-gang resentment among the consular service officers in Europe. Some of them were wary of me, too,

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as if they thought I was part of the McLeod operation.

When I came back to Washington I felt that in spite of my two fellow travelers and in spite of all the petty bureaucratic troubles, the trip had been eminently worthwhile. I had gained some knowledge of the people who could make the Act work as well as of those for whom it was designed to work. This knowledge on my part would make for new and far more cordial relations between the Department and such voluntary agencies as the Church World Service, the National Catholic Welfare Conference, the Tolstoy Foundation, the United Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society Service, and the Lutherans. I could already feel in dealing with representatives of these agencies that they were gaining increasing confidence in the Department's willingness to smooth out the operation of the Act.

In Italy I had succeeded in inducing the Italian government to organize immigration committees on the provincial level that would help the prospective immigrants to gather all the documents they needed to qualify for a visa. I had no doubt that the Act could be made to work. After all, I thought frequently, Max Rabb had been right. In this spirit of optimism, based on the specific knowledge of people and situations I had acquired, I started writing my report for the Secretary and McLeod.

The Vanishing McLeod

Having been appointed Assistant to the Secretary, I had no reason to object to being at the same time Assistant to McLeod, a position, I was repeatedly assured, that I needed to get a line of authority.

But it was exactly my relation with McLeod and his outfit that made me feel that something had gone wrong since I had come back from Europe. I was able to see McLeod for only five minutes, but I thought this was understandable since he was about to enter a hospital. He asked me whether I had seen anything in Europe that should be done and that his office was not doing. I answered that since he had to go to the hospital we could talk the situation over when he got back. It turned out that I could not use the office of my predecessor, Tyler Thompson. Instead I was offered a bare little room, with a desk and two chairs. There was an enormous hole in the wall that no one had taken the trouble to repair.

I could not receive anybody in such a room. When Italy's new Ambassador, Dr. Manlio Brosio, arrived in Washington, he asked to pay an official call. The prospect made me uncomfortable and I managed to be invited for luncheon at the Italian Embassy. Finally I decided that enough was enough. Without asking any superior authority, I moved into Thompson's former office, which had been empty all the time. Probably this is what McLeod's friends had in mind when later they called me a "freewheeler."

Getting Under Way

After having made a study of the operation of the Act in Europe, I could now get to work at the Washington end. I soon came to know the staff man by man. Now I could find out how far I could rely on each of the top men—and for what. Incidentally, that staff of which I was deputy head was one of the smallest I ever had to work with: about sixty in all.

With things getting under way, I soon found out what made for some of the major problems at the Washington end. One of the most serious was that the prospective employers of immigrants—among them some leaders of American business—had come to the conclusion that there was no use waiting: The immigrants would never come. You could not blame them since the administrators of the Act had not bothered to make a census of the kind and number of skilled workers for whom there were jobs available. The result was that while the little Greek candy-store man who wanted his cousin to come over kept insisting to the Department that he was holding a job open in his store, the garment manufacturer got tired of reporting vacancies in his labor force.

It was not difficult to remedy this situation. In fact, it did not take me long to get in touch with potential employers and with trade-union leaders and learn from them the number of available jobs and reassure them as to the kind of workmanship they could count on. In this effort, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the International Ladies Garment Workers Union—thanks to the eager co-operation of Jacob Potofsky and Augusto Bellanca, Luigi Antonelli and David Dubinsky—were of the greatest help. So were other unions such as the United Shoe Workers, CIO, and the

culinary workers Local 89, AFL, and leading businessmen such as Spyros Skouras, president of Twentieth Century-Fox, and Fortune Pope, head of the Colonial Sand and Stone Company, who at my suggestion organized committees among citizens of their own national origins to promote the issuance of assurances. We now knew just how many shoe workers, bakers, cooks, etc., could find jobs in our country without displacing a single American. All these negotiations did not require very great effort on my part, since I had acquired some experience in bringing together labor and management.

All that I had done at the American and European ends of the program, all that I thought had to be done next, went into my report to the Secretary of State. But of course I could not go ahead until the recommendations I made had been acted upon by superior authority. I was told that Secretary Dulles found the report excellent. I was also told I should discuss it with Livingston Merchant, Assistant Secretary for European Affairs, and with McLeod. Merchant was eminently available, McLeod eminently unavailable. For several days I kept insisting on a meeting. McLeod kept putting me off.

Finally, on March 16, he agreed to see me.

The Walter Attack

I assumed that McLeod would want to talk with me about the report to the Secretary. Instead he began by announcing that the security

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clearance on my appointment as Deputy Administrator had not come through. He said he would name me Acting Deputy Administrator.

He then regretted the attacks upon me by Congressman Walter and added that the only reason he was not replying to these attacks or offering any defense for me was that he had to be on friendly terms with the Congressman, who was in charge of the program's legislation and consequently an important figure in the administration of the program. He expatiated on how hard it is to argue with Congressmen. I discussed with him the nature of the Walter charges and assured him that there was absolutely no truth in them, nothing in my entire record that the Department might be concerned with. I added that I resented the Walter attacks deeply but that I would not let them interfere with my work—for at that time I was getting somewhere. McLeod smilingly said not to worry. Look at poor Frances Knight; they're trying to make a Nazi out of her. During the whole conversation McLeod was quite effusive, full of sympathy for me, Miss Knight, and himself.

I was about to leave when he asked me to hang around. Some boys were coming in. I found he was having a staff meeting to which I had not been invited. I stayed on for the meeting. McLeod announced that I would be the Acting Deputy Administrator and that they were to obey my orders.

I went back to work thinking that my troubles were on the way to settlement. I had my appointment as Assistant to the Secretary of State; while waiting for clearance, I had my appointment as Acting Deputy Director to McLeod; the staff had been told to obey my orders. The only thing that remained was to discuss my report with McLeod, and that would happen, I thought, in the next few days.

I never saw McLeod again or talked with him.

THE FIRST Walter attack had come at a meeting of the House Judiciary subcommittee to discuss refugee program legislation pending in Congress. At that meeting, Representative Emanuel Celler (D., New York) clashed with Walter, and Walter for the first time charged that I had been a member of the Lawyers Guild and the American Committee for the Protection of the Foreign Born. I promptly denied these charges.

Walter repeated the charges a few days later. At this point I had a

meeting in the office of Assistant Secretary Carl McCardle (in charge of public relations) with O'Connor, Dulles's secretary, and Robinson McIlvaine, McCardle's deputy. I assured them that as far as I knew, the charges were meaningless. It was decided to issue a Departmental reply, which was delivered by Assistant Secretary Thruston B. Morton (in charge of Congressional relations).

At that time I received a memo from McLeod not to speak to the press unless I first cleared what I had to say with him or Al Short.

It was a queer order because it affected only that half of my official being which was subordinate to McLeod, and not the other half which was subordinate to the Secretary of State.

Dulles, however, lost no time in correcting this anomaly. On Tuesday, April 5, following the publication of Representative Walter's letter to Representative Peter W. Rodino, Jr. (D., New Jersey), again attacking me, the Secretary said in his press conference that he had no intention of getting into any controversy with Representative Walter, whom he regarded very highly, that the charges against me were being investigated, and that my appointment was a ninety-day one. This was the first I ever heard from any quarter that my appointment was for only ninety days. Yet what hit me perhaps even harder was the fact that the Secretary had shown such Olympian impartiality between the accuser who had not proved his charges and the accused—a man whom he had called his friend—who could so easily prove that the charges were baseless.

I must add, however, that the Secretary's attitude was far from being unrepresentative of the Department. Very few people in it rallied to my defense when the Walter attacks began. In fact, it was very difficult to discuss them with anybody. Only two men gave me a feeling of friendship: O'Connor and Herman Phleger.

Toward the Pampas

The evening of April 5, after the Secretary's press conference, I received a message that Loy W. Henderson, Deputy Under Secretary of State for Administration, wanted to see me the following morning at about 8:30 before I left for New York. In New York I was to have had a conference with the leaders of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers to make final arrangements for the admission of workers for whom they were prepared to guarantee employment.

I went to Henderson's office and found him a very charming man. He was sorry, he said, he had to make my acquaintance under such circumstances, but he had a message from the Secretary: Since my ninety-day appointment expired on the coming Sunday, the Secretary desired that I undertake a very important assignment to South America in connection with the resettlement of refugees on undeveloped land there.

When he got through, I said I didn't think I was interested and I didn't think I had been appointed for only ninety days. I couldn't understand the meaning of this decision by the Secretary. I felt that my accepting another assignment at this time under fire might expose me to the charge that I was running away. I was not interested in any other job with the State Department and I certainly had a reputation to protect. No, I didn't think I could go along with the offer.

Henderson made every effort to convince me with all the persuasiveness of an experienced diplomat. When he realized that I was not making any promises, he asked if I would think it over and come back on Thursday or Friday to talk the whole thing over with him again. I did not return to see Henderson.

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I realized fully what had happened to the two State Department jobs I had been given: The Assistant to McLeod was being shown the door, and the Assistant to Secretary Dulles was being sent off to South American pastures. I had to see the Secretary.

Mr. Dulles Is Sorry

I met Dulles at four o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, April 8, in his own office in the presence of Rod O'Connor. The Secretary opened the conversation by saying that he very deeply regretted the unexpected turn of events. He wanted me to feel that he had my best interests at heart. He knew that this was embarrassing to me. It was embarrassing to him also. He sincerely hoped that I would accept the proffered appointment in South America.

I told him that I did not have any enthusiasm for continuing in the State Department. I thought a grave injustice was being done me, and my associations in the Department had not been pleasant. I could not continue in any capacity. I asked how I could be shifted from one Department assignment to another in the face of the Walter attacks, and what guarantee there was that Walter would not continue his attacks if I went to South America. O'Connor broke in to say that he felt pretty certain that Walter would not continue his attacks. I said that I was not particularly concerned about Walter's attacks, that I considered them to be the most shameful I had ever experienced in my public life. The attacks didn't frighten me. I had searched my soul to see if there was anything I would have to apologize for—anything that would impugn my loyalty to my country. I knew there was nothing.

The Secretary replied that some Congressmen were quite skillful in using the frailest evidence to smear people's reputations. Look what they tried to do to him in the Hiss case. He said, I've read your record, Corsi. It is a typical report of any one of us in public life. As far as I'm concerned, there is nothing in it that would in the slightest degree impeach your loyalty.

I said again that I didn't care what Walter had charged, I had nothing to apologize for. I considered this whole thing an injustice. He then said I must keep in mind that the project needed the support of Congress. It was essential that he maintain friendly relations with Congress in order to obtain the appropriations and legislation necessary for the Act. I said that I did want to let him know my bitter disappointment about the failure of the program which should have carried out the Act. I thought that the operations of the Act had been scandalous and that he would have to answer to the whole country for this failure. But I did not want to embarrass him; I only wanted to separate from the Department and call it finished. He asked that I not let my emotions get the better of my thinking. He did believe the South American assignment was a very important one.

We returned to the technicality of the ninety-day point. He was sorry. I said I would not have taken the job on this basis. He urged again that I take the new assignment and get away from it all for three or four months. Then we shall have a little talk, he said. I answered that I appreciated his kindness, but that I had no enthusiasm to work for him. He asked, Will you keep it open?

I shall keep it open, I said, and let you know. We shook hands. He smiled. I smiled. And I walked out.

It was a very queer thing, that interview. Mr. Dulles seemed so fatherly, so sympathetic, so understanding of my plight. There were moments when I felt he was begging for my sympathy. Four days later at a press conference he said that I was not qualified as an administrator.

On Monday morning I sent my letter to the Department telling them that I declined the offer. Then came the appointment with Republican National Chairman Leonard Hall. I had purposely sent my letter before seeing him because I didn't want to be asked by Hall to accept the job.

The lack of co-ordination or consultation between the White House and the State Department on this matter is indicated by the two telephone conversations I had on Thursday night with Jim Hagerty, the President's press secretary. I phoned him at that time and said, I think you ought to know that I think it's a lousy deal. He could hardly believe what I told him and asked, Where are you? Can I call back? I said yes. He phoned about 10:30. He wasn't able to reach the top persons but was sure I was wrong.

I never heard from Jim.

So my Washington career, which started with an urgent call from a White House assistant, ended with a call from the White House that never came.

I bear no grudge toward those people who, regardless of motive, were instrumental in providing me with an invaluable refresher course on immigration, labor, and Federal bureaucracy. It has been an unforgettable experience, and perhaps a salutary one—particularly since the unsought publicity that marked its ending has allowed the American public to share it with me.

True, during those ninety days I found myself involved with people and in situations not to my liking. But I was also privileged to work with religious groups, trade unions, big and little businessmen—people obviously concerned with their own creed, trade, business, or national origin, but above all concerned with the honor of our country.

It is their belief that this nation of immigrants, which by its own toil grew to be the leader of the free world, cannot be callous to the yearning of men and women to whom an American law has given the hope that they too may become Americans. Good Americans cannot tolerate that this law, inadequate as it is, should be made into a mockery.

I have been enriched by my recent experience, and I am proud that it has been brought to an end by some people's fear that in spite of all hindrances I might have been successful in making the Act work. Those in the State Department who invited me to Washington counting on my failure could not bear to be proved wrong. I am free now to share with the public the experience I have gained. In a forthcoming article I shall say what I think can and must be done if our country is to give a measure of example in the world-wide endeavor to resettle the uprooted victims of totalitarianism and misery.

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Jean Monnet And the Future of Europe

EDMOND TAYLOR

LUXEMBOURG

LAST JUNE a French newspaperman, visiting this gray-granite and white-stucco Grand Ducal capital, which also serves as provisional seat for the European Coal and Steel Community, spent a harried day trying to arrange an interview with Jean Monnet, the planner of the Community and first president of its executive branch. A little before midnight the interviewer finally got to Monnet during a lull in an informal conference-reception at his unpretentious home a short distance out of town. The interview was just getting under way when there was a muffled thud from the next room and Monnet excused himself to investigate. "That was the French member," he explained when he returned a few minutes later. "He fainted."

Such work casualties, once routine in the supercharged atmosphere of the Community's High Authority, which its officials proudly describe as Europe's first federal institution, have slacked off since the French Chamber threw out the European Defense Community—in large part another Monnet brain wave. They have virtually ceased since Monnet announced last November that he would not seek to renew his term of office when it expired on February 10. Later he agreed to stay on for a few weeks until the members of the Community could agree on a suitable successor.

Coal, Steel, and Unity

Monnet is a squat but springy man of sixty-six. During his final months at the High Authority, he has gradually cut his workday down to some twelve or fourteen hours. Whereas he used to be a full hour or more behind in his schedule of appointments when his heart was really in the job, during recent weeks he has seldom fallen more than fifteen minutes behind. Instead of spending a good part of his mornings washing his lungs in oxygen and generating ideas as he trotted along the leafy gorges and tumbling trout streams of the Ardennes—with an occasional pause for some Swedish gymnastics—he can now more often be found hunched over his desk unimaginatively signing papers, his forehead wrinkled in concentration on his task, his hazel eyes occasionally blazing at nothing in particular, and his dapper, close-cropped mustache twitching delicately from time to time as if on the scent of some invisible intellectual prey.

These symptoms of ebbing enthusiasm, like Monnet's decision to retire as president, do not stem from any frustrations in the organization of the common market for coal and steel that is the Community's official reason for existence. By every reasonable test the Community has got off to a good start. The relatively smooth functioning of its various sections under Monnet's presidency seems to furnish a triumphant vindication of the supranational principle, at least in western Europe.

But Monnet has never been more than mildly interested in coal and steel as such. To him they have been a means to an end: the political unity of Europe. He is a firm believer in the doctrine that institutions—particularly economic institutions—to a large extent mold men's thinking and behavior. The institutions of the Coal and Steel Community were supposed to be a start in making the people of the member states behave like Europeans. Then the failure of EDC launched a nationalist countercurrent that threatens once more to engulf the long-nourished hope of European union.

To Monnet the situation is by no means hopeless. What it calls for mainly, in his opinion, is the founding of new European institutions to complement the Coal and Steel Community now that the European army project has been killed. That is why he wants to leave Luxembourg.

How Monnet will set about his self-appointed task of founding new institutions and exactly what institutions he envisages had not yet been revealed when I visited the High Authority recently. But there were strong hints that he had already perfected in his mind a new Monnet superplan for Europe, comparable in scope to EDC but quite different in form. Undoubtedly it will take months before Monnet's new scheme can gain momentum. But there are several reasons—some of them rooted in Monnet's own fabulous but not uniformly successful career—for suspecting that whatever he and other "European" leaders may attempt in the coming months, the results they achieve will once more fall short of their dream.

The Supranationalist

That does not mean they will be valueless. Though Monnet is commonly regarded in Europe as an economic seer and a sort of technocrat, he is not an economist and —as a former French associate, Alfred Sauvy, puts it—is not "techno" though he certainly is some kind of "crat." He has been described accurately as a broker of ideas, but essentially he is a merchandiser of social change, to be brought about by supranational co-operation.

Monnet entered the family brandy business in Cognac at the age of sixteen, escaping the sometimes stifling influences of a French university education, and in his early twenties spent several years in Canada as a traveling salesman for the family product. In the process he sold himself so thoroughly to his star customer, the Hudson's Bay Company, that in the First World War, as an official of the French Ministry of Commerce, he persuaded Hudson's Bay to make a large loan to the

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French government. Thereby he won a reputation as a precocious wizard of finance.

As the leading Frenchman on various inter-Allied executive agencies established to allocate rare commodities, especially wheat, he discovered the importance of supranational institutions. He made such an impression on his British colleagues that in 1919—at the age of thirty-one—he was named assistant secretary general of the newly founded League of Nations on the recommendation of the British government.

The same pattern of supranationality, which frequently infuriates Monnet's enemies, was repeated in the Second World War after the fall of France, when, traveling on a British passport, he went to Washington as the head of the British purchasing commission, a post in which he rendered vitally important services to Britain and the United States.

In between various other high-level operations during his career, Monnet pulled the family business out of a serious slump, became a Wall Street banker—a financially unprofitable phase of his career—served as an adviser to the Chinese Nationalist government in the 1930's, and helped found the China Lobby when in the first war years it was largely a Sino-New Deal outfit. He also assisted the Swedish government in clearing up the financial wreckage of "Match King" Ivar Kreuger's empire. After the war he invented and directed the Monnet plan for modernizing French industry.

Wrong-Way Corrigan?

At times Monnet has displayed such erratic judgment and so eccentric a sense of timing that his critics, overlooking his brilliant insights, think of him as a sort of Wrong-Way Corrigan of internationalism. Monnet was the real author of the desperate proposal for a Franco-British federal union with which Winston Churchill tried to stave off a separate French armistice in June, 1940. One of Monnet's chief French critics, General Charles de Gaulle, who burnt his own fingers in this futile gesture, has given a fairly severe description of Monnet's role in it. From de Gaulle's viewpoint an even more flagrant illustration of Monnet's aberrant judgment was his skepticism about the Free French movement's ever amounting to anything and his consequent refusal to join the General. Later Monnet compounded this original error by temporarily hitching his wagon, along with the U.S. State Department's, to the North African star of General Giraud, who apparently struck him as a Napoleonic figure.

Monnet committed another error of judgment of historic proportions back in 1923, when on leaving Geneva he recruited as his successor Joseph Avenol, the French bureaucrat who eventually became secretary general of the League and helped to bring about its failure by his own indifference.

THE MOST recent of Monnet's miscalculations was his underestimation of the extent and depth of anti-EDC sentiment in France last summer. As president of the Coal and Steel High Authority he had no official responsibility for EDC, but he has remained virtually the one-man brain trust of the European movement and his appraisals of European political problems carry tremendous weight all over western Europe. EDC was, of course, very largely his own inspiration. Consequently if Monnet last summer had urged compromise and conciliation on his fellow "Europeans" both in France and in Germany, it is possible that some sort of agreement on the European-army proposal could have been worked out.

Monnet is a subtle negotiator who on numerous occasions has demonstrated a great talent for compromise and conciliation. When it comes to Europe, however, he, like other "Europeans" of his school, is inclined to be intolerant of any barriers. He has never been as intransigent as in the way he exerted his influence in the last days before the defeat of EDC.

A Rare Gift

Unlike many of the more fanatical partisans of united Europe, both in France and in Germany, who seem convinced that the collapse of EDC was the work of the devil and Mendès-France and still talk wildly about trying to revive it, Monnet knows that the supranational European army is dead. He will waste no time attempting artificial respiration. Indeed, he even seems to have concluded from the defeat of EDC that it was a tactical error to emphasize so heavily the military aspect of the European movement. It seems likely that in future his efforts to promote European unity will take greater account of the slightly woolly third-force idealism of many potential united-Europe enthusiasts, especially in France.

"Monnet has the rare gift of learning from experience," one of his collaborators has explained. "He has an almost pathological horror of repeating himself. His mind has an amazing power of synthesis and is completely undogmatic. Every time he deals with a problem he tackles it afresh from the beginning, and he never feels bound by the views he

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himself expressed half an hour ago."

Realism and flexibility are unquestionably characteristics of Monnet's powerful, complex mind—at certain levels—but it seems almost impossible to make any statement about him without immediately qualifying it somehow. In his personal habits, for instance, he is at once a sybarite and a Spartan, a finicky creature of delicate greeds, a sternly self-disciplined athlete who no longer smokes and rarely touches alcohol. He punishes his sensitive stomach with hastily gulped sandwiches at irregular hours, yet he will flee in unabashed panic from a colleague with a cold. He loves authority and enjoys the limelight, but usually functions as a back-room operator while others get the kudos or the blame earned by his ideas—witness the proposal for the Coal and Steel Community, generally known as the Schuman Plan. He is courteous, arrogant, tyrannical, conciliatory, patient, explosive.

These contradictions, which Monnet has to some degree injected into the European movement through his behind-the-scenes leadership, are expressed even in the furnishings of his office at the High Authority, which looks out on the spectacular ravine that splits the city of Luxembourg. It is a rather plain room of modest size, befitting the status of a department head in the Grand Ducal civil service with rather unattractive modern office fittings and a thin beige carpet.

Monnet's unimpressively practical desk, which is neither frantically cluttered with papers nor ostentatiously naked, has as a paperweight a brass coal miner's lamp presented him by German admirers—possibly a tactful hint to remember that the Community has a mineralogical as well as a political function. The impersonal austerity of the room is underlined rather than relieved by shelves decorated with family photographs, with bright, homely souvenirs, and with a bottle of Monnet's latest pills. (He is given to mild fits of hypochondria.)

The walls of the office are lined with agreeably colorful, intensely feminine landscapes and still lifes painted by Monnet's wife, the former Sylvia de Bondini, daughter of a well-known Italian journalist. Monnet was in his forties when he met her and according to former French associates literally fell in love at first sight. At that time the future Mme. Monnet was married

to a Fascist official and Italian law did not admit divorce. Monnet solved the problem by taking her to Moscow, where a divorce was obtained and their marriage arranged within three weeks. They have two daughters, of whom the younger, in her early teens, is said to possess the rare knack of being able to twist Monnet around her little finger.

Pragmatic Idealist

I saw Monnet at seven-thirty in the evening. The High Authority had been meeting all day and its president was giving a dinner at his home that night for a party of visiting British Parliamentarians. His dark-brown sports coat and well-tailored gray flannel trousers looked somehow as if he had put them on in the dark, but everything else about him was cool, unhurried, precise, and low-pitched. He sat at his desk with his head slightly cocked to one side, listening intently to my questions, relaxed and almost motionless, never fidgeting, occasionally drawing a neat little doodle on an office pad. He paused thoughtfully for some time before each answer, and his words came so slowly, with so little emphasis, that at first I supposed he must be exhausted. Each answer, however, was as neat, fully rounded, and clear-cut as if he had just pulled it out of an indexed filing cabinet.

To some extent Monnet's conversational restraint may be the result of years of living with Anglo-Saxons and trying to convince them he is not excitable. But gradually, as his personality filters through the protective shell he has built around it, you begin to feel that you are face to face with the contradiction that lies at the heart of all Monnet's other contradictions. He is an intensely emotional man who, by a superhuman effort of will, throughout his life has tried to bridle himself. He is also a romantic turned super-realist, an almost mystic idealist converted into pure pragmatist. Whereas other European leaders sometimes give the impression of propagandists trying to sound like prophets, Monnet is a moralist who forces himself to look at the world with the perspective of a ward heeler. He has known all his life where he wants Europe and himself to go; the only thing that interests him is the quickest way to get there.

At one time, EDC seemed a feasible short cut. It didn't work, and therefore a new one must be found.

During our talk, Monnet repeatedly emphasized that he was not committed to any particular program for realizing European unity; the important thing was what could best be put across at a given moment, and the sooner the better.

Essentially this is the merchandising approach to politics. You canvass the market and find out what the traffic will bear; then you design your product accordingly. If the product won't design, you consider the package—and perhaps increase your advertising budget. American experience has shown that this is, on the whole, a pretty satisfactory way of supplying the material needs of the public, but experience in many other countries suggests that it is a somewhat dubious formula for democratic leadership. Inevitably, at least in Monnet's case, it tends to cast the planning of moves toward European unity in terms of momentarily effective propaganda rather than in providing deep-seated solutions to real problems.

Successes and Shortcomings

Curiously, the modest but real success of the Coal and Steel Commu-

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nity in its two-and-half-odd years of existence tends to prove the same point as the failure of EDC. It illustrates both the rewards of international co-operation in achieving realistically defined objectives and the danger of glamorizing the techniques of co-operation beyond their capabilities of fulfillment.

The Community has scored some successes. Yet there remain major obstacles within the Community to free trade and competition in coal and steel. Technically the common market for all products within the Community's sphere was completed last August when special steels were added to the list of items that can cross the 1,700 miles of frontiers between its member states without tariffs or quotas. Yet there remain major obstacles to free trade and competition within the Community in the form of cartels, subsidies, rebates, and discriminatory freight rates. All these are being whittled down. On May 1, for example, the members of the Community are taking a first step toward doing away with the extra freight charge that railroads have been putting on shipments of coal and steel products across frontiers. Two years from now the charge will disappear entirely; freight rates will be the same across national boundaries as for a haul of the same distance within a single country. When that is the case, Ruhr coal will sell competitively with French-mined coal as far west as Paris, and French steel can be delivered at attractive prices to customers in Bavaria. Similar good progress is being made in establishing a free market for labor within the Community; some 300,000 European workers in fifty-six job categories are now eligible to apply for the High Authority's labor passports, which permit them to cross national frontiers in search of better employment opportunities.

Production of coal and steel is rising—an all-time record of 43.8 million metric tons in steel for 1954, and a postwar record in coal of 241.6 million metric tons. Exchanges between Community members and the rest of the world are also increasing. Competition is speeding up technological progress in backward sectors of the Community, while the reconversion loans and the resettlement programs sponsored by the High Authority are helping cushion the social impact of technological progress. Indirectly, millions of Europeans are enjoying a better life as a result of the international co-operation exemplified by the Community.

ON THE OTHER hand, it now seems clear that the Community has not had—and is not likely ever to have—the constructively revolutionary effect on European life that its supporters originally hoped. "On the economic plane, it has unquestionably proved its efficacy," a recent article in *Le Monde* observed. On the political plane, the verdict is less clear. "The mere existence of the Community has not sufficed to set in motion the machinery of European integration, as its promoters hoped it would."

Critics of the Community also point out that other branches of European industry and commerce have progressed as much as coal and steel without benefit of supranational regulation. And in some sectors of the European economy the Community actually seems to be creating new problems. A recent study of international trade problems carried out by the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (G.A.T.T.) staff in Geneva voiced rather sharp reservations about the restrictive role of the Community

on world trade in coal and steel. And while competition is speeding up the modernization of the French steel industry, this is not necessarily a clear gain for the French economy as a whole. For example, recent press releases of the High Authority note with considerable pride the efforts of the Community to lure French miners from the dwindling mining areas of central and southern France to the expanding high-wage mines of Lorraine in the northeast. Unfortunately, a recent U.N. study found that one of France's most serious economic problems is the increasing concentration of industry in the northeast and the steady decay of once-prosperous areas in the center, south, and southwest—which the Community's resettlement program is helping to accelerate.

On the whole, the more objective critics of the Community believe that its positive results sufficiently outweigh its negative ones. They are inclined to agree that the success of the Community demonstrates the utility of supranational institutions in dealing with knotty technical problems—e.g., the elimination of discriminatory freight rates. Their real objection is not to the Coal and Steel Community as such but to the extreme conclusions that Monnet and other "European" enthusiasts have drawn from its experience, and to the plans attributed to Monnet of applying the supranational approach on a still more grandiose scale.

The Marjolin Approach

For example, Robert Marjolin, the recently retired head of the Organization for European Economic Cooperation, stoutly defends the Coal and Steel Community though he believes that the non-supranational OEEC has been just as successful. Marjolin even appears to favor the setting up of one or two new European supranational communities in specialized fields. However, he cannot go along with those—including Monnet himself—who see these communities as the foundation stones of the United States of Europe.

In fact, he has little enthusiasm for the idea of European union, mainly because he believes that world developments have already put it out of date. "There is no justification," he has said, ". . . for the creation of a Third Force or Third Bloc. The enduring reality is western co-operation." Marjolin is by no means the only Frenchman who is cool toward European federation, not on nationalist grounds but from

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fear that it would tend to undermine co-operation between the western powers in the broader Atlantic framework.

Because he favors international co-operation in a wider geographical framework, Marjolin is willing to accept less intensive co-operation than supranationalists of the Monnet school; unlike many European federalists, he does not seem to regard the principle of national independence as inherently vicious. In his view, the success of the Marshall Plan and of OEEC, which was set up to administer it in Europe, proves that governments can co-operate fruitfully without formally renouncing sovereignty. And even if the nations of western Europe agreed overnight to form a political union, abolishing separate national sovereignties, Marjolin does not believe that Europe would progress economically much faster than it is doing now.

A NUMBER of people in both camps have come to feel that at least as great a threat to the cause of European co-operation lies in the intransigence of Europe's supranationalists as in the fanaticism of its nationalists; conversely, the best hope for enduring progress probably lies in compromise and mutual tolerance among the believers in various forms or degrees of international co-operation.

Since the formal ratification of the Paris accords by the French Senate, a kind of compromise that would permit relaunching of the European movement on a less extreme and more realistic basis appears to be in the making. France's Premier Edgar Faure, once an adversary of EDC, has publicly announced that he favors the creation of two new multinational communities—one for transportation and the other for energy, including eventually atomic energy. It is also reported that Adenauer, among others, has been discreetly urging Monnet to withdraw his resignation and remain in Luxembourg as president of the Coal and Steel Community.

Apparently it is even harder for Europe to get along without Monnet than with him. He is at once the indispensable and the intolerable ingredient of Europe's future.

Political Reunion In the Vienna Woods

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

TWO YEARS AGO, Leopold Figl, then Chancellor of Austria, received a group of American publishers in the great conference hall in the Ballhausplatz in Vienna and gave them a brief guided tour through the history of that baroque chancellery. Standing in his shiny black suit under crystal chandeliers, the pint-sized up-country politico with a foghorn voice reminded his visitors that they were now in the hall in which the Congress of Vienna had met more than a century and a third ago. Five doors of equal scale opened into it, he pointed out. That was because five reigning sovereigns had attended the conference, none of whom would yield precedence to the next; five portals had to be built to enable them to make their entrances simultaneously.

"Now notice how ideally this hall is suited for a new Congress, when the time comes," Figl concluded with a grin, standing behind Prince Metternich's chair. "There is your portal; next to it is Britain's; then comes France's; across the way is the Russians'; and here, in the middle, is Austria's own."

The remark drew applause because Figl's remarks embodied that whimsical deftness one liked to see in a patriotic Austrian, especially amid the adversity of occupation and national helplessness. But this April, when Leopold Figl, now Austrian Foreign Minister, returned with his Ballhausplatz colleagues from their talks in Moscow about terms for their long-postponed state treaty, bringing home either a prize or the most winning gift horse of modern times, his airy suggestion under the chandeliers was no longer as fantastic as it had seemed at first. The Soviets themselves have now called for a new conference of the powers at Vienna, at which Austria and the influences radiating from it will surely occupy center stage.

The earlier Congress took place amid Hapsburg splendor with the aim of establishing a European balance of power to fill the vacuum left by Napoleon's collapse. Nowadays, Europe's outstanding vacuum is Austria itself, gaping between the power blocs that surround it. Unlike Germany, it is too small to be divided. The narrow mountainous area under western protection consists chiefly of scenery and draws its sustenance from the eastern half, while the eastern half under Soviet occupation consists of industries that have to draw their electric power from the western half.

Being irreducible beyond its present state, Austria has been recognized by both sides as a European necessity that must be preserved as a whole. But while neither side can afford to dismember it, Austria's position is so strategic that neither side can afford to claim or possess it without starting a general conflagration. Even the greedy Soviets saw this from the start. In Austria's case they made an exception to their practice in other lands they have trampled on. They exploited it but refrained from subverting it.

Is Neutrality All Good?

The central requirement that the Soviets made at the Moscow treaty discussion—that Austria completely neutralize itself—was neither new nor harsh. It restated what all the four occupying powers as well as the Austrians themselves (excepting only a lunatic fringe of unreconstructed Pan-Germanists) had already agreed on as a necessity for peace and survival. The question is not whether Austria can or should become neutral—ten years of multiple occupation have already made it the most successful all-round buffer state in history—but what influence this neutrality may have beyond its borders when it is built into a sovereign Austrian state. Vienna, the power vacuum, may soon find itself becom-

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ing the dissemination point, for good or ill, of a contagious idea.

The example of Switzerland, neutralized long ago, hardly holds for Austria. The volatile Austrian sees himself as far removed from the becalmed Swiss, safely embedded between Lakes Constance and Geneva in the folds of the West. His own center of gravity lies three hundred miles farther east, with Communist powers fronting along three of his borders. He votes pro-western by over ninety-five per cent—a far higher anti-Moscow sentiment than either the French or the Italians can boast—but that does not mean that he necessarily thinks as his western tutors would like him to think. He has learned to be the man in the middle, and this, he realizes, may not be a bad position to be in after all. His geography compels him to it, he says, and his national talent makes a virtue of it.

Stability in Weakness

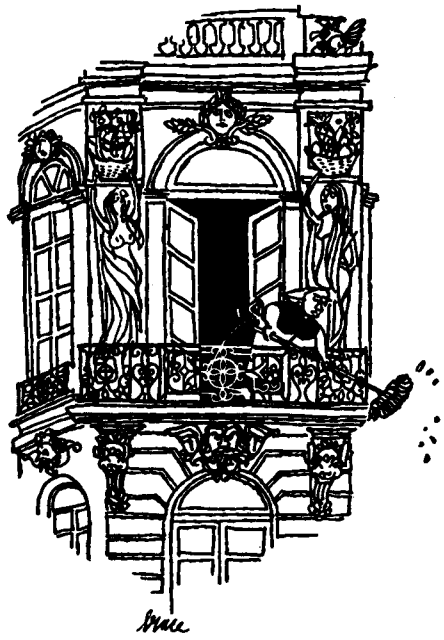
I once asked an Austrian Cabinet Minister of the conservative People's Party, after he had been laying heavily into the Americans late in the evening over wine and emphasizing the need of good relations with the East, "Look, are you really with us or against us?"

"You talk to me as if I were a German," he answered, beady-eyed as he raised another beaker. "*Entweder-oder*. Either-or. Categorical imperatives—bah! You are now in Vienna. Don't you know that when you present a Viennese two alternatives, he will unfailingly select a third?"

The Viennese alternative in politics is to be today what Austria once set out to be but then failed at when it tried to be too much: the honest broker between West and East, needing both sides for sustenance, and needed by both for cushioning. The position can be played from strength but also from lack of it. "Austria is the only country, mind you," the Minister went on, "which defended Europe from both Napoleon and the Turks. We are not so strong now. But at least we have the stability of our weakness—which often makes us the envy of the strong."

Equilibrium, patience, passivity, adroitness in playing both sides from a position that a more committed people might regard as untenable—these are Austrian virtues, and perhaps the greatest of them is patience. The country, under the Hapsburgs the seat of the world's greatest governmental frivolity, begins by being patient with itself. Its coalition Government, in spite of four general elections, has the same general makeup today that it had when it was set up ten years ago, thus making central Europe's frailest nation also its most stable, and its leaders the most experienced hands in the business of dealing with Moscow.

For ten years Austria has pursued the simple object of existence while waiting for Moscow finally to break its own log jam of resistance to



granting the long-promised state treaty. Similarly, for ten years Austria has been patiently and slowly at work rebuilding stone by stone its historic Vienna Opera House, bombed out by war, on the assumption that in the end it will be Europe's most attractive and that whatever else happens Europe will keep on wanting to go to operas.

The visitor often thinks of Austria, so dependent and yet so skilled at survival, as a charming and somewhat wayward oddity, apart from the turbulent main stream of Europe and so not relevant to it. But while the Austrians themselves often try to promote this winning image of their quaintness, they know that they are in the very thick of Europe, and their neighbors know it, too.

Paradoxically, the Austrian, who at first seems so unlike his neighbors, often emerges as the most seasoned and representative of Europeans. He has fared badly at many hands, including his own. But he has preserved his battered house intact; he can say, as the Abbé Sieyès did when asked what he did during the French Revolution, "I survived." And the fact that the greatest power of Europe should now offer him back his national integrity on a glittering silver platter—provided simply that he steers clear of entangling alliances—not only sounds in Austria like a reward but like a meaningful lesson for the rest of a continent that itself entertains many second thoughts about alliances.

THE WEST also claims some share in the Austrian achievement of wearing down brute force by steady nerves. Secretary of State Dulles has called the Austro-Soviet treaty agreement the "first fruits of a policy of patient firmness" on the part of the western powers. It achieves a basis that the Soviets denied in more than 260 separate meetings of the Allied officials assigned to arrive at a treaty. In the first round of negotiations, three years of jockeying and concessions by the West on the issue of how much tribute Austria was to pay its Soviet liberators had led to the hope in 1949 that Moscow would sign the fifty-nine-article paper; but at the last moment the Russians balked.

In the second round, launched in 1952, the West came up with a "short draft" of only eight articles that tried to skirt punitive conditions; but the Soviets balked again.

In a third attempt in 1954, the West offered to accept the Soviet version of the "unagreed" provisions for the sake of a quick signing; again, refusal. The Trieste question, the German-assets question, the Austrian "dried-peas debt" question, and the demand for signing a general peace with Germany first—all these and many more were introduced by the Soviets at strategic moments in order to stall the negotiations, until westerners and Austrians alike gradually came to the conclusion that the Soviets just didn't want to negotiate.

Now they do. Clearly, they have fresh, 1955-style reasons of their own

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for wishing to do so at this moment. Having built up ten years of expectancy and frustration in and about Austria, they may hope to play on Austrian weakness and western weariness in such a way as to get a quick decision in which the Soviets will appear to be benefactors. Yet the Austrian weakness is not of the kind on which they have counted. The particular quality of the Austrian coalition Government, in which the conservative half pulls right while the Socialist half pulls to a non-Moscow left, is that in the resulting mutual suspicion among its members neither side dares pull toward Moscow, with the result that it remains on dead center.

Reverse Anschluss

If the fruits of that "patient firmness" which Dulles applauded now seem to involve the danger of some yielding, the question still remains, By whom and to what? The Russians are stepping down to accommodate the Austrians. The Austrians would like to accommodate everybody equally. The Moscow signals sent to Vienna are doubtless not meant for Vienna at all, but are really intended for the attention of West Germany as a suggestion that it follow Austria's accommodating example and forgo further military commitments to the West—an *Anschluss* in reverse.

The attraction of Austrian neutralism as a way of life could act upon western Europe, and particularly upon uncertain West Germany, in such a way as to loosen the cohesion of western strength. It could also lead to the spread of the idea—already taking root on both sides of the Rhine—of a league or bloc of armed neutrality among continental powers, with the hope that this might produce the wished-for relaxation of tensions.

AUSTRIA—a new third force in Europe for the very reason that it has no force at all—has several opportunities open to it. If past experience is a guide, it will try to remain precisely where it is, balancing deftly, doing a little business on both sides as it can, rolling out the carpet for the general meeting of the powers at Vienna, and finishing the reconstruction of its Opera House for them.

The Triumvirate That Replaces Sir Winston

WILLIAM CLARK

LONDON

FOR the first time since the disastrous spring of 1940, the British Conservative Party is headed by a conservative. Beneath the Tories' genuine regret at losing the great man of our age, there is some genuine relief among them at the resignation of Sir Winston Churchill and the succession of Sir Anthony Eden.

Throughout half a century in the House of Commons several parties attached themselves to Churchill, but he never really troubled to attach himself to any one of them. In his later years he has been regarded by many in the Conservative Party as an immovable obstacle to any serious formulation of a new political philosophy for a new age. Now that he is gone, the Tories know that they have reached a crucial moment in their history, for they must decide what sort of a face to present to the country. They can no longer advance behind the almost universally respected mask of Churchillism.

The decision to hold an election May 26 is partly based on a desire to cash in on that respect, which has been increased by Churchill's retirement, but it brings nearer the moment when the party must decide on its new policies. The election itself will be fought by the Government on its record: "We gave you freedom from rationing, full employment, and prosperity. We have tried for peace and sought strength."

If Britain elected its party leaders at public conventions it is likely that Chancellor of the Exchequer R. A. Butler would have been chosen by the Conservative Party, rather than Sir Anthony Eden. Butler has done more to help the party find a coherent policy in the postwar era than any other politician.

But Eden has been chosen—by Churchill—to be Prime Minister, and unless he makes grave mistakes he will receive the support of his colleagues, including his rivals. At first this traditional loyalty will be strengthened by the imminence of the election, in which Sir Anthony's popularity with the electorate will be a considerable asset. For the moment, indeed, it would be unwise to draw too many conclusions from the appearance or actions of the new Government.

However, some long-term shifts in the balance of power within the Conservative Party are now taking place, and the future of the party is being settled. As often happens after the disappearance of a dominating figure, his mantle is divided; a triumvirate of Eden, Butler, and Harold Macmillan, now Foreign Minister, has succeeded Churchill. But there is sure to be only one leader eventually.

Succeeding a Giant

Eden's friends as well as those who hope to succeed him shake their heads over his health and wonder whether his slim figure can bear the heavy burden of office. His enemies make fun of his cliché-ridden speech and matinee-idol charm, and claim that Eden will crumple under the pressures of supreme responsibility.

I doubt whether these predictions of failure are firmly based. Eden is not a very healthy man, but he is the youngest Prime Minister in a long time, and the position of head of the Government, with all its exhaustions, is far less sapping to morale than that of being an expectant heir. Power is often good for a man's health.

Eden's greatest misfortune is that he succeeds a giant and so may appear a pygmy. If he had followed Chamberlain or even Attlee, the comparison would be far less to his disadvantage. Eden will never be another Churchill, but no nation can really expect to be led by a series of titans. Luckily for Eden, he is not just a miniature Churchill; in most ways he is very opposite. Where Churchill is a romantic, Eden is

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severely practical; where Churchill loved to fight, Eden prefers to negotiate; where Churchill has always been impulsive, Eden is usually, often successfully, patient.

The merits of Eden's make-up have been demonstrated in some of his postwar diplomacy, particularly in the Middle East. Churchill, who had fought in the Battle of Omdurman (1898), which sealed the British conquest of the Sudan, could never perceive the realities of that area through the haze of his own illusions; Eden's more practical mind saw at once that Britain's special position in Suez and Iran were relics of a past that could not be maintained. Against the overt opposition of a large section of his party, he entered negotiations with Egypt and the Zahedi régime in Iran. In spite of months of frustration, his patience carried him through to settlements that are surprisingly favorable for Britain.

This talent for negotiation is something that will serve him well in that ultimate repository of British authority—the Cabinet. But a successful Premier must not only manipulate his Cabinet, he must also lead it in his own chosen direction, and fight it when it is going contrary to his wishes. Will Eden fight?

A Degree of Obstinacy

Eden has always fought for what he cared about. The surprising thing is what he cared about. In general it appears that his practical mind has fixed on matters of diplomatic procedure, which he believes are as essential as the objectives simply because they influence the objectives. In 1938 his quarrel with Chamberlain was not over the objective—both men favored seeking an accommodation with the dictators to avoid war—but Eden objected strongly to Chamberlain's methods of personal diplomacy, which he rightly believed would give an advantage to the more unscrupulous side, and resigned from the Foreign Office to support this view.

More recent examples of his obstinacy are his long struggle with Mr. Dulles last year, in which Eden's objection was that America was using the method of bluff in the Far East and refusing the method of negotiation. Eden had to defy the Administration of Britain's closest ally and brave a considerable press campaign against his "appeasement" in both America and Britain before he could get the Geneva Conference going. It then took two months—instead of the estimated ten days—of negotiation to achieve anything. Eden needed guts and patience to carry that through.

He has even stood up to Churchill himself over the issue of four-power talks with Russia. Both men sin-

cerely favor such talks, but Eden has insisted on orderly, Foreign Office-type procedure, working up from lower to higher levels. He has opposed, and successfully opposed for eighteen months, Churchill's insistent idea of agendaless talks at the summit. Again Eden appears to have won the argument.

Diplomat vs. Chief

Yet the fear that Eden may prove a weak Prime Minister has some basis in his past conduct. Though he has fought for what he cares about, he has cared about relatively secondary matters. There has been nothing in his speeches, his writing, or his conversation to indicate that he has thought much about fundamental political principles.

To some extent this is because of the circumstances of his political life. Eden has always been concerned with foreign affairs, where he soon learned the necessity of self-control. For quarter of a century he has inhibited himself. He has a sharp temper that is, however, kept well in check. He has avoided the witty, stinging answer and substituted the cliché that neither informs nor angers; bold statements are watered down to legal briefs or hopeful commonplaces. All of this has proved useful and successful in a diplomat, but a lot more will be expected of a Prime Minister.

Perhaps the accession to supreme power will release Eden's inhibitions so that he will begin to turn his mind to thinking about the ultimate objectives of his policies at home and abroad. So far these seem hardly to have concerned him. The grand designs—for a United Europe or an Atlantic Community – that fired Churchill's romanticism have not found any favor with Eden. What role he wishes Britain to play in what sort of world order is unknown. Unless Eden can rise above his present concern with the day-to-day execution of policy he will be at best a mediocre Prime Minister, and he will have failed his party.

One thing is certain: Under Eden's leadership the Conservative Party will never practice even the mildest version of any class war. Perhaps because of his concern with national unity in foreign affairs, perhaps, oddly enough, because he was trained under Stanley Baldwin, Eden has always sought to smooth out difficulties between parties and classes. In result, he is at least mildly popular on both sides of the Commons and throughout the country.

Butler's Contribution

In this task—so essential for Britain—of moderating the divisions of class and party and maintaining a government policy that is supported on ninety per cent of the issues by ninety per cent of the people, Eden's main lieutenant and heir presumptive is R. A. Butler. Because Eden is certainly ignorant of and possibly uninterested in the intricacies of home and economic affairs, his Chancellor of the Exchequer will have even greater scope than before.

So far, Butler's record is highly

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creditable. More than any other man, he has dragged his party (which protested only feebly) into the postwar world. After the defeat of 1945, it was Butler who set to work producing a series of party pamphlets outlining a new Conservative philosophy for home and economic affairs. This philosophy, which is now the official dogma of the party, is mildly protectionist, decidedly Keynesian, and fully in favor of the welfare state. It puts more emphasis on private enterprise than do the Labourites, but in fact the changes that have taken place in the field of public ownership since 1951 are not very great. The policies of Butler and Hugh Gaitskell, his opposite number under Attlee, are so alike that the term "Butskellism" has gained considerable currency.

The immediate future may place more severe trials on this liberal economic system. The terms of trade have turned against Britain recently, and the Butler boom that has lasted so long may be at an end. If so, the pressure to economize on welfare benefits will be considerable.

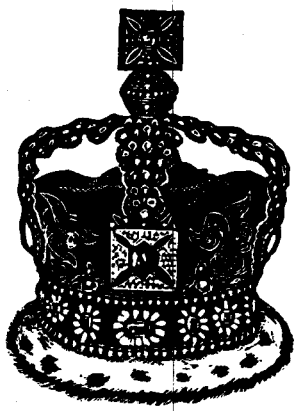
Macmillan's Career

The third member of the triumvirate, Harold Macmillan, is by far the most enigmatic. He had long hoped to be Foreign Secretary, but it is far from easy to guess what he wants to do or how far he will succeed. He is not nearly as popular with both sides of Commons as Eden. Far too often Macmillan has chosen to reply to Labour criticisms or—earlier—to criticize Labour policies by an exercise of wit that keeps his own side rolling in the aisles and his opponents squirming. He has paid a high price for this success.

It sometimes seems that Macmillan has decided not only to talk the way Tories would like to, but also to adopt the appearance accorded to them in cartoons. His Edwardian mustache and his slackly elegant dress appear designed to conceal his brilliant intellect behind an almost farcical upper-class nonchalance.

The odd thing is that Macmillan's career does not fit the pose. His father, a well-known publisher, married an American and sent his son through Eton and Oxford; but Harold was a scholar not a playboy at Oxford, and a very brave officer throughout the First World War. He went into politics perhaps largely because he married the daughter of a great Conservative peer, the Duke of Devonshire, but in the House he proved far from a regular and reliable Conservative. He was the first member of his party publicly to resign the Whip in protest against the appeasement policy, and he organized a maverick group to advocate a stronger foreign policy and a more liberal economic policy at home. The particular target of his barbed wit in those days was a member of his own party who was put up to answer questions for the Foreign Office—R. A. Butler. Neither man has quite forgotten that episode.

During the war Macmillan was



given considerable responsibility by Churchill, who appointed him to be British Minister in charge of political affairs for North Africa, Italy, and the Balkans in 1943-1945. He learned to co-operate with the Americans, but he allowed it to become too well known that he thought that Britain must act the part of "Greece to America's Rome—less powerful but more civilized."

Macmillan's present high political reputation within his own party rests on the amazing job he did as Minister of Housing. As an election stunt the Conservatives had promised 300,000 new houses a year; the figure seemed impossible but Macmillan exceeded it. More recently, as Minister of Defence, he undertook the task of adapting Britain's defense to the hydrogen age. Now at the Foreign Office he will need to show that he has sound judgment and the ability to unite the country behind him.

His policies, for some time to come, will be those of his predecessor, the new Prime Minister. But Macmillan has some of the romantic in him that Eden lacks, and this may prove a decisive difference. There is not much chance that Eden will take the lead—as Churchill did—in proposing joint Anglo-American citizenship or that the nations of western Europe should establish confederal institutions. To Eden national sovereignty is sacred. There is a chance—it is no more—that Macmillan, who joined the united Europe movement both early and enthusiastically, will now give British backing to the reality of Western European Union.

The Foreign Office opposes the whole idea of a parliamentary assembly of western Europeans discussing policy. Macmillan instinctively favors such an idea because he sees Britain cast in the romantic role of leader and savior of Europe. The question is whether he will have the patience, in the face of little support from his Prime Minister and other British officials, to persevere in his support of the new institutions.

Long-Term Questions

The main doubt about the new Government is whether it has vision to see the opportunities that lie before it. Churchill has been preeminent for so long as the Tories' spokesman that it will be hard to fill his place. There is no great danger that the Conservative Party will revert to domestic reaction or foreign imperialism, but there is some danger that it will succumb to the temptation of being conservative and not much else in an age when it is impossible to stand still.

With Eden in command, Britain will continue to exert a moderating influence in world affairs and will probably bring about talks with Russia. But what of the long term? What place will Britain ultimately take in the world? What relations will be developed with America? What institutions are needed to make the alliances work smoothly? What economic system can be devised that will make Britain less vulnerable to small upsets in world trade? It is those questions that Sir Anthony Eden will now need to consider if he is to grow into his new position.

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Our Extraordinary Solicitor General

ANTHONY LEWIS

When the late Robert H. Jackson was Solicitor General of the United States, he told of receiving a letter addressed simply "Celestial General, Washington, D.C." The post office, he said modestly, had no trouble deciding it was meant for him.

The office of Solicitor General carries with it no heavenly powers, but it does exert a broad influence on American law and command an extraordinary respect among lawyers. "The aristocrat of legal jobs," one authority has called it. The men who have held the position since it was created in 1870 include William Howard Taft (in the Benjamin Harrison Administration), the late John W. Davis (under Wilson), and Stanley Reed (under Franklin D. Roosevelt), who like Mr. Jackson became a Supreme Court Justice.

Despite its great history and high standing in the profession, the office is neither widely known nor understood by the public. Many generally well-informed people thought about it for the first time recently when the present Solicitor General, Simon E. Sobeloff, refused to endorse his Administration's views on a major Constitutional question — whether the government can properly conceal the identity of accusers in loyalty and security cases.

Mr. Sobeloff's action, in the pending Supreme Court case of *Peters* v. *Hobby*, raised sharp questions: How could so fundamental a difference of opinion arise among the high legal officers of a government? Why was the dissent tolerated without animosity? The answers lie in the unusual nature of the job and the somewhat remarkable character of Simon Sobeloff.

More Than Winning Cases

The Solicitor General is appeal attorney for the United States government. Whenever the government loses a case in a Federal District Court, the Solicitor General decides whether it is to be appealed. When a case is lost in a Court of Appeals, he decides whether to take it to the Supreme Court. He has general charge of preparing the government's briefs and arguments in the Supreme Court.

These are vast discretionary powers to be wielded by one man in a government that has been described as one of laws, not men. Legal cases assume broad significance only as they are decided on appeal. The Solicitor General, determining what should be appealed and how the government should argue in the highest court, thus has a major influence in the shaping of the law.

The job, it follows, requires something more than the ability to plead brilliantly for a cause; it requires something nearer judicial qualities. Mr. Sobeloff has put it this way:

"When a lawyer in private practice advances an argument, he feels free to drive as far as he can. He is out to win that case. . . . The Solicitor General, though an advocate, must not forget that his client is the United States government. . . . He must proceed with greater moderation and circumspection, realizing that what he says today will have to be faced tomorrow. He must be constantly aware that the rule declared in one case may be cited in the next."

In addition to this special concern for the consequences of his acts, a Solicitor General must have moral courage. He must withstand the pressures of agency heads and prosecutors who have in mind only victory for themselves in a particular case. He must take the larger view of what is best for the government as a whole, remembering that it is an embodiment of all its citizens. These words written by one of Mr. Sobeloff's predecessors, Frederick William Lehmann, are inscribed outside the Attorney General's door: "The United States wins its point whenever justice is done its citizens in the courts."

Simon Sobeloff likes to quote that statement, and his action in the Peters case makes plain that he does not quote it idly. Judges and lawyers in somewhat cynical Washington regarded his refusal to move from his beliefs as an act of extraordinary moral courage—one that will have great significance for bench and bar and should not be lost on the public.

That neither his courage nor his morality was recently acquired is indicated by an editorial in the Baltimore *Sun* of February 8, 1934. Mr. Sobeloff had just completed three years as U.S. Attorney for the State of Maryland. The *Sun*, praising his record, wrote: "He didn't forget that the district attorney is an officer of the court, whose duty is to see that justice is done, rather than to secure convictions, just or unjust."

Mr. Sobeloff was U.S. Attorney in the last years of prohibition, and the *Sun* paid him the tribute of saying that he had enforced the Volstead Act for three years and emerged with the respect of both wets and drys. He prosecuted bootleggers, but he clamped down on overaggressive investigators.

In one notable case a private citizen telephoned a tip to dry agents that a man and wife had some whiskey in their apartment. The agents found a bottle with what they called alcoholic "dregs" in it and charged the couple. U.S. Attorney Sobeloff investigated and learned that the tip had come from the couple's landlord, who was in a lawsuit with them. He ordered the case dropped and issued a statement beginning: "If the paid informer was a nuisance, the self-serving volunteer is an abomination."

During this stage in his career, Baltimore customs officers seized as immoral copies of Aristophanes' *Lysistrata* and Marie Stopes's *Wise Parenthood*. Mr. Sobeloff said he could not find anything "obscene, shocking or offensive" in the books and ordered them released. The post office was still interfering with *Lysistrata* as recently as this year, but until some test case comes up, the Solicitor General will not be able to bring his views to bear this time.

Mr. Sobeloff has not spent all his

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Swearing-in ceremony: Sobeloff, the President, Chief Justice Warren

life in an austere consideration of high principles. As a lawyer in Baltimore he had a general practice, one of the largest in the city. He represented such diverse clients as a race track and Rosa Ponselle, when she sued for divorce.

He was also in politics for a number of years, though of a different kind than usually practiced and with different results. A Republican in a Democratic city, he avoided extreme partisanship and was both respected and liked by many Democrats. A *Sun* political writer observed with awe several years ago that he "seems to have escaped most of the obloquy that is the normal lot of persons in public life. A review of voluminous newspaper articles and editorials reveals almost nothing of a censorious nature."

Lifelong Republican

Mr. Sobeloff was born in Baltimore on December 3, 1894. He made political speeches at twelve, and a G.O.P. Congressional candidate who heard young Simon appointed him a House page. Herbert Hoover made him U.S. Attorney; a framed letter from President Hoover hangs in the Sobeloff library.

But with all the Republican background, Mr. Sobeloff has never had regular Republican views on political, economic, and social questions. As early as 1929 he campaigned for unemployment insurance in Maryland; businessmen objected bitterly, and the state law was not passed until after the Wagner Act. As a public official and as a private attorney he fought for public housing. "When we try to take a family out of a rathole, they cry socialism," he said in one debate.

From his start in politics, Mr. Sobeloff has been associated with Theodore R. McKeldin, former mayor of Baltimore and now Governor of Maryland. Mr. McKeldin is a Republican with advanced views on civil liberties and social-economic questions—frequently more advanced than those of Maryland Democrats.

In 1943 Mr. McKeldin was elected mayor; he chose Mr. Sobeloff as city solicitor (one of five top cabinet positions) and his chief adviser and speech writer. Mr. McKeldin was elected governor in 1950 and re-elected last fall—the first Republican ever to win the job twice. In his first Administration, he made Mr. Sobeloff chairman of a Maryland "Little Hoover Commission" and later chief judge of the state's highest bench, the Court of Appeals. (His friends still address Mr. Sobeloff as "Judge.")

In 1952 Mr. and Mrs. McKeldin visited Israel with Mr. and Mrs. Sobeloff. Mr. Sobeloff, a member of a reform Jewish congregation, is a Hebrew scholar and a lifelong leader of Jewish organizations.

He Can Talk

It was Governor McKeldin who put Mr. Sobeloff's name before President Eisenhower for the office of Solicitor General. But politics has traditionally stopped at the door of the office, and the tradition has not been broken. The staff—just nine young lawyers—is recruited on a nonpartisan basis.

Staff members who have served under several Solicitors General consider Mr. Sobeloff unique in, among other things, his literary knowledge and his ability to express himself clearly and colorfully. (They note, of course, that other Solicitors have excelled in other respects.) Mr. Sobeloff has always had a way with words. He may well be the only lawyer to cite Disraeli in defense of the need for public housing. He is certainly the only lawyer whose report on a bankruptcy was praised by H. L. Mencken as having "all the racy charm of 'The Gilded Age.' "

Mr. Sobeloff is what psychologists call an oral thinker—a man who picks things up quickly by ear and prefers talking problems through to reading memos. To prepare his brief in the school-segregation case, for example, he met many times with two lawyers on his staff before anyone put a word on paper. Finally they prepared a draft which he corrected into final form.

Of all the government briefs presented before the Supreme Court in an average year the Solicitor General and his staff prepare about half, turning over the rest to that division of the Justice Department which is particularly concerned. Arguments before the Court are also parceled out. So far Mr. Sobeloff has appeared in seven cases. His first oral argument, in an abstract-sounding bank case, exemplifies his ability to cut through to the heart of the matter with an apt illustration.

The dispute was over a New York State law that reserved to a certain few banks the right to advertise "savings accounts." Other banks could accept savings but had to use

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a euphemism such as "thrift accounts" in advertising. Mr. Sobeloff told the Court the law made as much sense as one saying you could not call an apple an apple but could say that it was red, round, a fruit, and had a history going back to Adam and Eve. The Justices discussed apples briefly. Their decision struck down the law.

ASIDE FROM his ability to articulate, the quality especially praised by Mr. Sobeloff's acquaintances is warmth. "He enjoys people," one associate said. Another mentioned "sympathy for human beings. humaneness"—qualities that are especially important as he carries out the Solicitor's important job of deciding which cases shall be appealed.

Mr. Sobeloff contrasts as a person with what is usually expected in official Washington. To a newspaper reporter, one of his most striking qualities is a complete lack of cant. He talks freely—too freely, some associates think—giving blunt, often humorous appraisals of persons and policies. He means what he says.

In an average year more than one thousand cases lost in district courts (or, occasionally, state courts) cross the Solicitor General's desk for consideration of an appeal. Almost five hundred more are considered for appeal to the Supreme Court. In each case the U.S. Attorney and the chief of the appropriate division in the Justice Department (antitrust, for example, or criminal) send along the record and their recommendation for or against appeal. A lawyer on Mr. Sobeloff's staff looks over the record and notes on it in ink whether he thinks the recommendation is correct. The Solicitor General makes the final decision in each case: "Appeal authorized" or "No appeal."

In the nature of the job the Solicitor General has to become familiar with far corners of the law not usually dealt with by any one person. "A lawyer could spend a lifetime in active practice in Baltimore," Mr. Sobeloff said in a speech recently, "and never have occasion to think about the so-called aboriginal land rights of the Alaska Indians. . . . He might never be called upon to decide whether the marriage of a fourteen-year-old girl in Arkansas is void or only voidable . . . or whether giving away calves involves realization of taxable income."

The Solicitor General authorizes appeals in less than a quarter of the cases lost in District Courts, and in only one-eighth of those referred to him for possible Supreme Court action. He may say "No" because there is simply no appealable point of law—on a jury's award of $1,000 to a woman hit by a postal truck, for example. He may say "No" because he thinks a particular case is a weak

Photos from Wide World

Theodore R. McKeldin

one on which to risk establishing a broad rule of law. "Every experienced lawyer knows that in many instances it is wiser to leave a point obscure than to press for clarification," Mr. Sobeloff has said.

The Peters Case

Many times, as the government's advocate, the Solicitor General has the duty of presenting a viewpoint that is not his personal preference—because the government's side is important and must be heard. Sometimes an agency such as the Internal Revenue Service may feel it essential to seek higher court clarification, despite the Solicitor General's warnings, and he may decide not to stand in the way.

But it is also his special duty to restrain the government's lawyers, to counsel moderation. With agency attorneys, Justice Brandeis once said, "The Solicitor General should be a general."

"The office of Solicitor General is of great importance to the Supreme Court," Chief Justice Warren said once in introducing Mr. Sobeloff, "and when occupied by a man of great understanding and ameliorating influence greatly facilitates the work of the Court. Solicitor General Sobeloff is such a man."

His relationship with the Supreme Court is one of the major concerns of a Solicitor General. He is regarded as an officer of the Court, with an obligation not to bring before it unworthy cases or petty or harsh points of view. The Court can of course refuse to consider any case; it took on only forty per cent of those the government sought to have reviewed last year, and only eight per cent of the private petitions. But an atmosphere of disapproval may develop if the government presses too many appeals.

"THE Solicitor General should guard the gate," one gentleman representing the Court's view has said. "The Court views with natural trust and confidence a Solicitor General who submits overwhelmingly meritorious cases," another authority has added. "We're in a realm of judgment. There is no machine to make decisions. It's a perfectly human thing to read a brief in one frame of mind or another, depending on who wrote it—to feel of a Solicitor, 'Out of that mint can come only true coin.' He must be a man who would rather lose a case here than present it on an unfair basis."

The greatest test of a Solicitor General comes when his study of a case leads him to decide that justice will best be served if the government loses. If the government has lost in a lower court, he can simply decline to appeal. But if the government has won and the other side appeals, he faces a moral dilemma: Must he, as the government's advocate, defend a course that he believes unjust?

From time to time a Solicitor General answers "No" and makes what the courts call a "confession of error." In such a brief he concedes that the government's views have been wrong in one or more aspects of the case. The Solicitor General does not necessarily have to come to any conclusion about the case as a whole to file such a brief. He may feel, for example, that a criminal defendant

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THE DEMOCRATS' TACTICS

BY ERIC SEVAREID

FOR MONTHS past, an uneasy backstage argument has been going on among Democrats in Washington. In its essence, the issue is this—whether or not to open a direct attack upon the President himself as the chief source of Administration confusions and contradictions. This seems to be the prevailing conviction at Democratic National Committee headquarters, where a strong desire exists to take this line publicly and persistently. There is a fairly large group of Congressional Democrats who share the conviction but oppose making it a public issue and another group who oppose it as an issue because they are not convinced of its validity. There is some evidence that their national leader, Adlai Stevenson, is doing considerable brooding about both the thesis and the tactic.

What is important is that uneasy, unorganized Democratic pressures for making Mr. Eisenhower himself the target are building up behind the dam of restraint composed largely of political fears directly related to the President's strong popularity in the country; a few cracks are beginning to appear in the dam. That is the significance of the recent public attacks on the President by Senator Matthew Neely of West Virginia; and it is because of this background that the maiden floor speech of North Carolina's Senator Kerr Scott is important. The Scott speech received little attention from the press. Whether the Scott analysis is accurate or inaccurate, it is pretty safe to say that his arguments will correspond closely to the main current of the general Democratic attack, if and when their dam does break.

IN BRIEF, the Scott argument is this: that the President is not the patient, wise commander, occasionally victimized by subordinates who do not fully comprehend his policies, but that he is, in reality, the chief cause of administrative troubles because he does not take personal responsibility for the acts of his subordinates and because, when they go out of line, he does not follow through with disciplinary action. Scott's direct implication is that the President's subordinates now know this and will therefore continue to say and do as they wish.

Scott gives various examples. One is the Yalta papers release. The President was not consulted on this in advance, and even after he stated his opposition to using them for political purposes his party leaders went ahead preparing the papers for that purpose. Scott cites the rash of contradictory policy statements during the Indo-China crisis last year and the similar rash during the current Formosa crisis. He cites the President's refusal to accept responsibility in the Ladejinsky security case, holding FOA Director Stassen responsible instead. He cites the President's refusal to endorse or oppose his Labor Secretary's policy on the important issue of the right-to-work state laws. He cites the Attorney General's ignoring of the President's strong declaration on the right to face one's accuser and the President's failure to do anything about it. And so on.

Scott argues that the old rule, in government, business, or the military—the old rule that the buck is always passed *up*—has been reversed, that the President passes the buck *down* the line of command, that this is the real cause of the troubles, and that only the President himself can correct it.

WHETHER the people will accept these arguments, or history endorse them, no man can know. What is important right now is that they are straws in a wind that is blowing a bit stronger all the time in the ranks of the Opposition party.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

has simply not had a fair trial in some respect.

Richard Willard Kay, convicted of robbery in a Tennessee Federal court, asked the Supreme Court this term to reverse his conviction because he did not have effective legal counsel. His claim had been turned down by the district court and the court of appeals, the government opposing it both times, but Mr. Sobeloff filed a brief saying that the contention had enough merit to justify a full hearing. He asked the Supreme Court to vacate the court of appeals judgment and order a district court hearing on Kay's complaint. The Court, citing the Solicitor's brief, did exactly as he asked.

Mr. Sobeloff had proposed that the government make a similar "confession of error" in the Peters case. The case concerns a professor at the Yale Medical School, Dr. John P. Peters, who was fired under the old Truman loyalty program from his job as a Federal health consultant. The Loyalty Review Board reached the decision against him after a hearing in which Dr. Peters was not told the identity of his accusers, and not allowed to cross-examine them. He sued to get his job back, claiming that it was unconstitutional for the government to label a man disloyal without letting him face all his accusers.

Exactly the same Constitutional issue was presented in the 1951 case of Dorothy Bailey. There the government maintained that it had no Constitutional obligation to let a loyalty suspect confront his accusers. It narrowly won the case, the Supreme Court splitting 4-4, thus upholding a lower court ruling for the government. Dr. Peters's suit was fought with equal vigor by the Justice Department, which won in the District Court and Court of Appeals.

Nevertheless, Mr. Sobeloff proposed that the government agree to let Dr. Peters have his job back. His brief said that there may be cases when concealment of secret accusers is necessary and desirable, but that the government should have to prove the necessity of concealment in each case before some impartial board. The government should not be allowed to declare something secret in the interest of national security on its own say-so, he argued, as

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it had done in the case of Dr. Peters.

That view did not prevail in the Justice Department. The brief eventually filed was signed by Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr., and not by Mr. Sobeloff. It defended as both Constitutional and wise public policy the present practice of concealing the names of accusers in loyalty-security cases, even from hearing boards, whenever the government desires.

There are precedents for Mr. Sobeloff's action in not signing the brief. Thomas Thacher, Solicitor General in the Hoover Administration, frequently noted for the Court: "Though he signed the brief, the Solicitor General did not agree with it." The Supreme Court will accept a government brief with either the Solicitor's or the Attorney General's name on it, though the Solicitor's almost always appears.

But this was the first public break by a Solicitor General on a major policy question in at least twenty years, and it was on an issue in which the heaviest political pressures were involved. Mr. Sobeloff has sought to make little of his dissent. He has told his friends that the case presents difficult legal issues on which thinking men disagree and that there was genuine, reasonable discussion in the Justice Department, not monolithic command, before the decision was reached. Department sources say warm mutual regard continues between Mr. Sobeloff and Attorney General Brownell, who fully understands the traditional independence of the Solicitor General's office and respects Mr. Sobeloff's position in the Peters case.

THE PETERS dissent has not stopped the Administration from using Mr. Sobeloff for special jobs outside his office. Notably, he has given several officially approved speeches taking a strongly liberal view on immigration law. He certainly gives the impression of being entirely happy in his work and in the social relationships he has formed with the Justices, his departmental colleagues, and others.

The Solicitor used to be second man in the Justice Department, acting for the Attorney General in his absence. He was stripped of this role in a 1953 reorganization that was applauded by some as removing him further from politics, deplored by others as lowering his prestige.

No Higher Praise

Mr. Sobeloff is mentioned, inevitably, as a choice for the next vacancy on the Supreme Court. But for the moment he is satisfied working toward a goal that he set out last year in a speech to lawyers.

"If the possibilities of this office are to be realized," he said, "the incumbent must strive to learn the meaning of the process he seeks to guide. He must try to discover the social tensions, the reverberations of strife and passion, the political issues, the clashes of interest that are dressed up in technical legal forms. . . . His constant endeavor must be, without falling prey to his own fetishes but obedient to the legislative policy laid down by others, to channel this mighty stream [of cases] so as to strengthen the foundations of our society, to make freedom more secure and to promote justice between man and man and between the Government and its citizens."

In Washington today many persons believe Simon Sobeloff is meeting his own standard. There is no higher praise.

Do Protectionist Tariffs Really Protect Us?

EUGENE GREGG

IT USED to be said of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (G.A.T.T.) that only three people in the world understood it and they wouldn't tell. It is safe to say that closer to three million will know something about G.A.T.T. before many weeks are gone, including the 531 men and women in the House and Senate who are going to have to decide whether they like it or not.

If they decide they do not, then the painful progress made by the free world in the postwar decade toward more orderly international trade will come to an abrupt halt and the old "beggar-my-neighbor" policies of Hitler Germany and many other countries in the interwar period will come to life again.

All this, of course, sounds like a vast abstraction. But chaotic conditions in world trade—with every country using tariffs and quotas and subsidies for special local reasons—would mean tremendous difficulty for American exports, a severe strain on the western alliance, a good chance that Britain's hard-won return to stability and prosperity will be reversed, and lower standards of living everywhere, including here.

G.A.T.T. has suddenly become an issue because for the first time in its eight-year history Congress is being asked to approve it. Technically, Congress will have before it not G.A.T.T. itself but a new Organization for Trade Cooperation, which has been set up to administer the general "trading rules" in G.A.T.T. and to sponsor future multinational tariff-cutting sessions. But proponents and opponents alike are agreed that approval of O.T.C. implies approval of the rules of G.A.T.T.

A Matter of Identification

What is this mysterious international instrument, anyway? What is this haven of international bureaucrats which, to use the words of G.A.T.T.'s enemies, is in the process of taking away from Congress its Constitutional powers to govern the country's foreign trade?

G.A.T.T. is, quite simply, an agreement of thirty-four countries to observe gentlemanly practices in commercial policy—tariffs and the like—plus a long list of specific tariff rates that have been reduced or "bound" against increase by the contracting parties. The parties agree, for example, not to raise a tariff ex-

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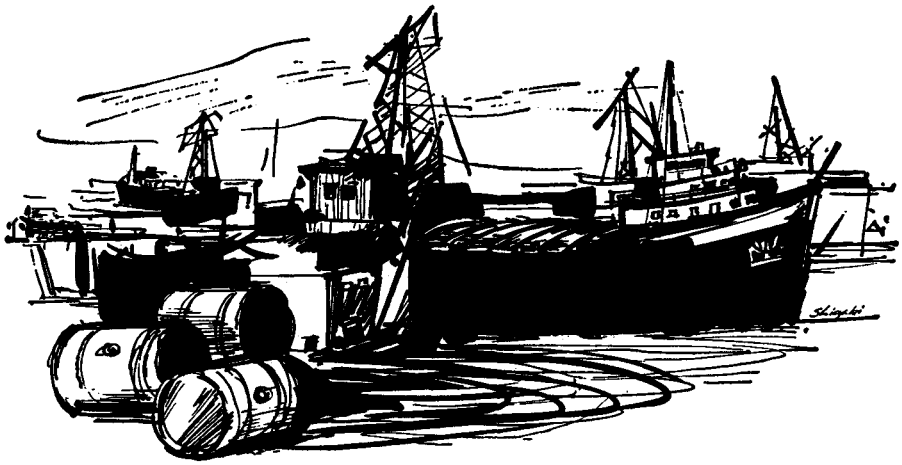

cept on a showing of genuine injury to a domestic industry (not simply to allow a new industry to start up). They agree, in general, that they won't bar imports by means of quotas unless they are so short of foreign exchange that they have no other choice. They agree, again in general, not to subsidize exports to capture foreign markets.

THE AGREEMENT came about in 1947 because all the non-Communist countries wanted to get away from the chaotic trade practices of the 1930's. The U.S. government originated and sponsored the agreement. At first G.A.T.T. was to be just a part of a much more ambitious scheme—the International Trade Organization, which contained provisions on many other matters such as cartels and full employment and foreign investment. But I.T.O., after three painful years of negotiation, died so quickly when it reached Congress that neither House even had a chance to debate it.

Influential American "internationalists" felt that despite the fate of I.T.O., the United States could legitimately join G.A.T.T. because of the President's right to make trade agreements under the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act. By this reasoning, G.A.T.T. is simply a trade agreement made multinational. It is now under attack in Federal District Court as unconstitutional, but the State Department is said to have few qualms about losing the suit.

The trouble was that since Congress had not been consulted, Congress felt no obligation to abide by the rules that those "internationalists" in the State Department had agreed to. There was, for example, the little matter of the "cheese amendment" in 1951, which clamped import quotas on a long line of agricultural products in direct violation of our G.A.T.T. obligations. There was last year's bill raising the tariff on fish sticks, and another raising that on rubber-soled shoes. The State Department had to concede from time to time at the G.A.T.T. sessions that the United States had violated the agreement—and had to go along when other countries took retaliatory action against some American product.

Appeasement by Negotiation

This was an embarrassing situation. Besides, there was a great deal to the contention of the opponents of G.A.T.T. that the United States was a full party to an international organization without the approval of Congress, which had been required in all other cases. So the Randall Commission—the President's Commission on Foreign Economic Policy—decided, in the interest of "orderly" procedure, that the United States should do three things:

¶ Renegotiate the agreement in the light of modern trading conditions and make it more consistent with U.S. laws such as that requiring import quotas on farm goods enjoying government price supports.

¶ Draw up a formal organization to administer the trading rules in G.A.T.T., sponsor future tariff-cutting sessions, study trends in world trade, and generally act as a clearing-house on international commercial policy.

¶ Submit this organization to Congress for approval.

IT WAS a gamble. Congress was at best suspicious about G.A.T.T. and at worst downright unfavorable. (Every extension of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act had carried a huffy proviso that this law did not constitute approval of G.A.T.T. in any way.) If the gamble lost, then even the old half-effective G.A.T.T. would be out the window and nothing would be left, although the technical trade-agreement authority of the President remained.

In a full realization of the touch-and-go nature of the situation, our negotiators at Geneva last winter performed a remarkable feat of international bulldozing. The Americans won every single important point of contention. They got special treatment for their special problems, while giving away very little in the way of special treatment for other countries' problems. For example, they got an outright waiver of the provisions against import quotas to protect this country's right to embargo farm goods that interfere with price-support operations. In fact, the 1951 cheese amendment would be "legal" under the new G.A.T.T. provisions.

The other countries were well aware of the reasons why the Americans had to insist on so much. But for that very reason, if Congress should fail to ratify, the shock and dismay and cynicism all over the world would be all the worse.

What's in It for Us

And that gets us back to the big gamble. Why take it anyway? What's in G.A.T.T. for us? The immediate "self-interest" explanation is that G.A.T.T.-O.T.C. gives this government a continuing and powerful means for pressing other countries into relaxing their present restrictions on American goods and to ward off new restrictions. Therefore it is a means of protecting more than $15 billion in paid-for exports of goods and services. This figure makes exports more important than all housing construction in the United States and only slightly less important than farm income and business investment in plant and equipment as a component of our gross national product, and hence of our prosperity.

We need to protect our exports of

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goods because each dollar's worth of American exports is manufactured by Americans, whereas there is no such immediate relationship between imports and employment. Many imports do not compete directly with American goods. If we cut imports, however, we cut exports and this produces an automatic cut in American employment. This very simple relationship is too often misunderstood.

G.A.T.T. has already been used frequently to give American exporters a better break. Partly because of it, ten European countries have relaxed restrictions on dollar goods in the past two years. We are using it now to press Germany and Belgium into taking more of our coal. We have used G.A.T.T. to end discrimination against American cigarettes in Haiti, to protect our lumber, potatoes, periodicals, and textiles in Cuba, and in many other cases. What is more, the very existence of G.A.T.T. is a major deterrent to *new* restrictions against our exports—restrictions based on unjustifiable claims of dollar shortage or on a desire to protect some local industry.

This kind of protection is especially important because Americans are always having to fight barriers outside formal tariff provisions, such as quotas on imports or special interest taxes on imported goods. It is precisely this type of barrier that G.A.T.T. is designed to hack away in the thirty-four member nations, which conduct eighty-five per cent of the world's trade. Hence it is the best available means of making our reciprocal-trade program truly reciprocal.

IMPORTANT as all this is, there is more in G.A.T.T. than protection of American exports. It is best explained in the words of a government official:

"We came to Washington open-minded on the whole tariff subject, including G.A.T.T. I guess if anything we were a little suspicious of the liberal viewpoint. But then we made one crucial discovery—a discovery quite independent of all the theoretical arguments for and against tariffs and other import barriers. We discovered that you can't run a foreign policy without a commercial policy that takes into account the interests of other nations on a *quid pro quo* basis.

"We discovered, in short, that there is a tight and unbreakable connection between foreign policy and commercial policy. We've been trying—perhaps not strongly enough yet—to get across that idea. If we fail, there will be troubles in our alliances that may come slowly and almost imperceptibly but will come inexorably. If we believe winning the cold war means alliances—which practically everybody accepts now—then we really haven't any choices in our foreign-trade policy."

Obfuscated Opposition

With all these powerful arguments lined up for G.A.T.T., why is it slated for trouble in Congress? In my judgment, there are two strains of sentiment behind the opposition. Straight, old-fashioned protectionism is one. G.A.T.T. is linked in the minds of the protectionists with the detested reciprocal-trade program. And it does contain the obligation on this country's part not to raise new trade barriers without justification. Perhaps equally important is what I shall call "Brickerism." This is a suspicion of international agreements as such. It is a fear that somehow Congress is being by-passed. It tends to be highly emotional—and is all the more formidable for that reason. In the case of G.A.T.T., the suspicions are made worse by its technical profundity and the aura of mystery that has always surrounded it. Up to now the State Department does not seem to have been very successful in dispelling the mystery, as evidenced by this exchange between Secretary Dulles and Senator Eugene Millikin (R., Colorado) at a March hearing of the Senate Finance Committee (Senator Millikin said he had written to the State Department for a full explanation of G.A.T.T.):

SENATOR MILLIKIN: Can I expect a prompt reply?

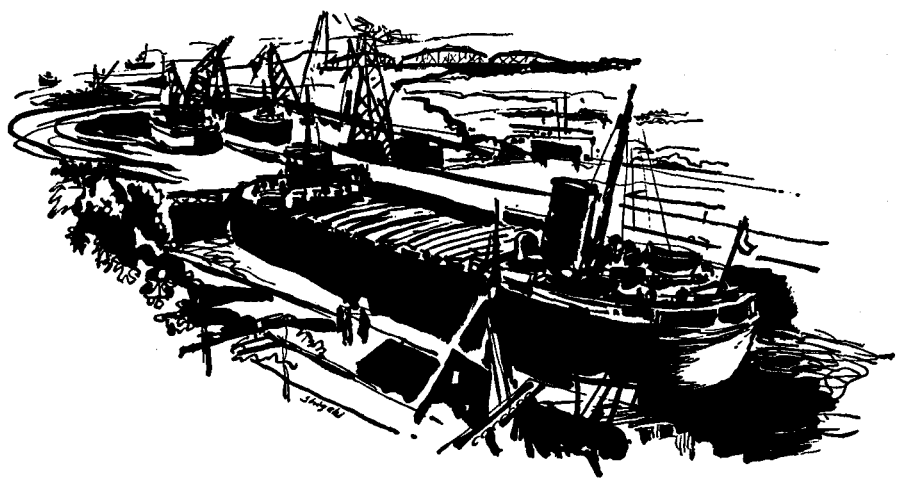
MR. DULLES: Of course. We will attend to it promptly.

SENATOR MILLIKIN: I'm glad of that. You see, I wrote for the information last August 24 . . . Why, it would drive anyone crazy trying to understand G.A.T.T.

MR. DULLES: Maybe, Senator, that's what happened to the people who tried to reply to your letter.

OBVIOUSLY this mystery will have to end—and soon. G.A.T.T. is really not as complicated as all that, and its basic principles are simple. Furthermore, despite the obligations imposed on this country—which are real obligations—G.A.T.T. admittedly does not diminish the Constitutional "right" of Congress to do anything it wants with trade and tariffs. The sovereignty of the United States is fully preserved; our membership in G.A.T.T., in legal fact, only gives other countries the right to confront us with our sins and to ask redress.

Much more important than any real or imagined rights of Congress, of course, is the place of orderly trade in preserving the western alliance and peace itself. With G.A.T.T., progress in trade will almost surely continue. Without it, and without American ratification of the new O.T.C., it will die—the "progress" will almost surely be backward. Congress will have cut off its nose to spite its face.



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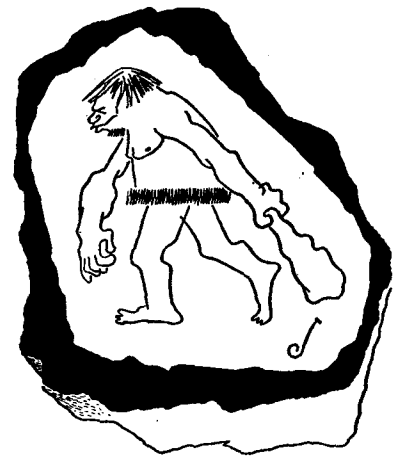
A Slight (Archaic) Case of Murder



ROBERT ARDREY

IN JOHANNESBURG, city of violence and nerves, of ugliness and stomach ulcers and corrosive distrust, a story is being written more explosive than apartheid. It is a story translated in old caves from ancient bones. Its thesis is all too simple: that the earliest human assertion was murder.

I first heard rumors of the story from a friend on the faculty at Yale. I was appalled at the philosophical fallout that such a thesis, if proved, could produce. Beyond a few evasive scientific papers there was nothing to read about the matter. The discoveries in the Transvaal had been so recent that only a few of our anthropologists had seen even a portion of the evidence. In New York I talked to one of these, the great Père Teilhard de Chardin. In London, at the British Museum, I consulted that arch-skeptic Dr. Kenneth Oakley, illuminator of the Piltdown hoax.

Oakley armed me with a modest background on the subject, a few more scientific papers, a battery of reasons why not—and a plaster cast of the top of somebody's cranium cracked at an early date by what might be either the teeth of an extinct carnivore or a short, sharp weapon.

A Little Fellow

Several weeks later I arrived in Johannesburg. I needed the time to gain a first apprehension of the creature—ape man or man ape—whose ancient remains and significant ways might shake man's conception of himself. I needed more than the time to learn without gasping to pronounce his name—Australopithecus.

I studied the literature. He had been a little fellow, four feet tall. He had lived in early Pleistocene times, perhaps three-quarters of a million years ago, before the earliest known human being. His home had been the treeless veld, no place for apes. His teeth were human; he had no fighting canine teeth. No anthropoid ridge bisected his skull. He stood erect, and like man, he was carnivorous. Of all the modern apes, only the baboon in time of famine will turn from the vegetarian way.

Australopithecus means "Southern Ape." Why had he been classified as an ape? There was a single reason: his brain. The creature's cranium was half the size of modern man's.

NEVERTHELESS, for thirty years one controversy after another had flourished about the creature and about his discoverer, the legendary Dr. Raymond A. Dart. In the beginning a single skull had been found, that of a six-year-old child, on the edge of the Kalahari Desert. Darwin himself had suggested that the human species may have originated in Africa, but in the 1920's world attention was fixed on the plains of Asia. A single immature skull was insufficient to distract it.

But then in recent years, and in rising tempo, cave after cave and specimen after specimen were discovered in the Johannesburg area. Some were found by Dart, more by Dr. Robert Broom and his successor, John Robinson of the Transvaal Museum in Pretoria. Today the remains of fifty Australopithecine individuals have been found and verified, and perhaps a hundred more are indicated. Scholars must place a stray jawbone in Asia against an entire society in Africa.

Which was the birthplace of man, the veld or the steppes? Opinion has swung sharply. Was this a progressive ape or a primitive man? What once was sure is sure no longer. Definitely the creature has been reclassified from anthropoid to hominid—tending toward man. Did he in fact make use of fire? Dart had claimed so, but Oakley has largely disproved it. What was the nature of his intelligence? Brain size is no longer regarded as an absolute criterion; yet the creature had left no tools. Dart had interpreted certain bones recently found in Australopithecine remains as weapons. Animals use no weapons. Dart advanced this theory in 1949. Lightly documented, it was lightly received. The claim passed over into rumor. Curiosity had been kindled in the north, but museum budgets permit few junkets to southern Africa for the purpose of investigating rumor. And little more was heard from Dart.

Dr. Dart

I arrived in the Transvaal at last. Africa's most famous anthropologist is not a professional anthropologist at all. Dr. Dart is head of the Department of Anatomy at the University of the Witwatersrand. He is a healthy, pink-faced, blue-eyed, sandy-haired doctor. Regarded by many of his fellow townsmen as slightly mad and by much of international science as a remarkable and gifted but somewhat unreliable amateur, he has without question been pressed into speaking too often and too quickly.

In our talk, Dr. Dart rattled off certain physical details concerning Australopithecus as if quoting from his own papers. I interrupted him to apologize for my deplorably limited background. I told him that almost

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twenty-five years ago I had written my first novel. It had concerned Cro-Magnon man, and it had never been published. In my opinion, well confirmed by others, it was very probably the worst novel ever committed to paper. Since then my writing has improved somewhat, but my anthropology has deteriorated.

Dr. Dart looked at me as if I were an odd sort of patient. I proceeded to explain that perhaps because I was just a curious layman the quality in his discoveries that had fascinated me was their overtone. If his interpretations should come to be accepted as correct, what would happen to all those conceptions of man premised by innate goodness? I couldn't tell whether Dart was listening or not. He was looking out the window. Then he laughed a little and said, "Do you know, you're the first layman who's ever come to me who cared about the end of it?" In a moment he was pulling open drawers and rolling out skulls like apples.

The Evidence

"Baboons," he said. "Australopithecine cave deposits are one enormous bone yard. All mixed together, the fellow's bones and the bones of all the animals he slaughtered, that have turned through the ages into a rock called breccia. There's a thousand tons of breccia up at Makapan alone. Now these baboons. We have over fifty specimens. Eighty per cent are the victims of instrumental violence."

The ancient baboon gaped at me. The top of his skull was caved in. I had been prepared up north for this one.

"Rock falls," I said.

"Yes," he said. "Robinson can show you a fellow over at Pretoria with the whole top of his head bashed in, and he can show you the rock that fell from the cave roof and did it. But you'll see this one's an inch or so across, and this one's typical. How far would a rock that diameter have to fall to smash in a skull? No. I can show you specimens that have been struck again and again by the same weapon. And what's more there've been three times as many baboons struck on the left side as the right. Australopithecus was right-handed."

I groped for my northern reasons why not, while specimen after specimen went through my hands. I had the sense of being a coroner at some long-belated inquest, fingering the evidence while the timeless detective, Dart, prowled through the corridors of sudden antique death.

"He killed," said Dart. "Methodically, systematically. He lacked fighting teeth. Why? It's as Darwin predicted. Because he didn't need them. He'd discovered manual weapons. Look at these."

Photographs appeared before me.

"Hipbones," said Dart. "The ape. Round and narrow. Australopithecus. Broad and flat, like a man today. You may consider that fatty mass that adorns the rear as useful only in the spanking of children. No, because he'd developed a human rear, Australopithecus could stand solidly, erect and balanced, while he hurled, thrust, or swung a weapon. The ape can do none of these things."

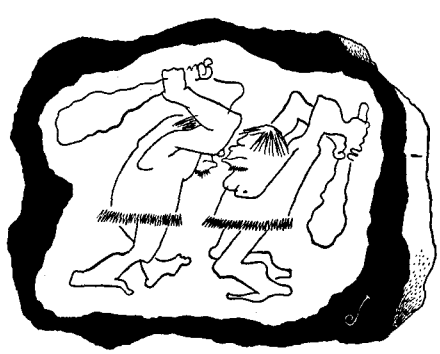
"Do you consider this the difference between apes and men?" I asked. "The back end?"

"It's a mighty one," said Dart. "But of course, no. It's the topside that counts. And this chap had a half-size brain. He was no man. He was a proto-man."

DART considered the view from the window. "What you must try to grasp is this," he said after a moment. "It was his unique capacity to kill with a weapon that set proto-man apart from his fellow animals. The greater brain came later—perhaps only a little later—to satisfy the complex demands of the confirmed and specialized killer."

Weapons had produced man, not man weapons.

My mind wandered. Thunder rumbled across Johannesburg like



a train going nowhere. I stumbled through the terrifying logic of Dart's statement. The tall windows darkened. Dart turned on the lights.

In my hand was a jawbone. The front teeth were missing. "Australopithecus," said Dart. "A twelve-year-old boy. You can feel the dent where the bludgeon hit him. Knocked out his teeth. See the fractures on either side."

I felt the dent. His jaw had been crushed by the blow. "They cherished each other about as much as they cherished the baboons," said Dart. "Sometimes one got it on the side of the head, but mostly it was on top. Here's one on top."

Back to Skepticism

He was holding a brain case with a deep double indentation. The force of the blow had fractured the skull at the side and caused it to overlap. I grasped at Oakley and northern skepticism.

"This is still surmise," I said. "Everything hinges on weapons. The evolvement of man. The murder of a boy. Animals may somehow have done this. Some extinct carnivore may have snatched these fellows out on the veld. Leopards use caves. These were little creatures. Leopards may have caught them, banged them about, caused the head injuries, brought them back to their caves. The whole bone deposit could have been of animal origin. You can't rule it out, so long as you don't have the weapons."

Dart nodded.

"I've made myself a bit of trouble on more than one occasion," he said. "This thing of speaking too soon. I suggested much of what I've told you some six years ago. I had my ears nipped. Would you care to come downstairs?"

On the ground floor of the Medical School there is a long corridor. We entered a small room where two students were dissecting a contemporary dead man. We moved on to a larger room.

In box after box were bones—hundreds upon hundreds of fossil animal bones, cleaned and identified and catalogued and distributed in the boxes like cards in a file. "We've been working," said Dart. "These are all from Makapan."

It was like an arsenal assembled

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by police after a busy night of raiding. Here were the early blackjacks, the original razors and daggers and lead pipes of the Pleistocene hoodlum. Heavy thighbones of big antelope, the knuckle ends worn and frayed from bludgeon use. A slighter bone, split to a point like an icepick. Long, sharp, spearlike antelope horns broken off from the skull. A pig's jawbone, toothless except for the jutting canine like a dreadful gutting hook on the end.

"Couldn't this still be surmise?" I said. I hesitated, because I didn't believe what I was saying. "Couldn't we be reading things into this?"

"We could," said Dart. "Except for the statistics."

The First Knife?

He got out his deadly charts. Some 3,500 bones had been catalogued. A glance was enough. No leopard had assembled this jungle of bone to delude future scholars. Intelligence had decreed what bones would be found in the cavern at Makapan and what bones would not. Australopithecus had brought home only those bones useful to his arsenal.

"Notice this one," said Dart. He handed me half a jawbone. It was small. The teeth were as sharp as the knife it undoubtedly was. "That's from a very small extinct buck, a kind of gazelle," he said.

"The teeth are filed!" I said.

"Maybe," said Dart.

"They're filed!" I said. "They're filed along one plane, like a scissors blade! This must be one of the first shaped tools!"

"I wouldn't know," said Dart. "I can't prove it. I'm concerned these days with things I can prove. What interests me is that we've found those jaws by the dozen. And not a gazelle hipbone. Too fragile. Our fellow couldn't use them. He brought home nothing but this."

More than an animal, Australopithecus had known what he wanted—the lethal weapon. Less than a man, he had been unequal to the demands of his discovery, and had passed into the breccia of prehistory. I stood for a long time looking at the razorlike weapon in my hand, while Dart mused through his arsenal and the old philosophies tumbled in ruins about me.

What was the nature of the mutation known as man? He was a creature selected by natural history to perfect the deadly weapons that a predecessor had discovered. Overwhelmingly, he has been a success. Half a million years of carnage pay tribute to his zeal.

"When are you going to present all this?" I asked.

"When I'm ready," answered Dr. Dart.

MOVIES:

Passion in the Bronx

ROBERT BINGHAM

The crisis has passed and the patient has survived. Not long ago the American movie industry was on the danger list. Years of living on too rich a diet—wastefully luxurious overhead costs and salaries to support the stultifying star system—had produced a chronic shortness of breath just when acute complications set in in the form of competition from TV and the better foreign films. To make matters worse, the Federal antitrust surgeons were in the process of amputating distribution from production.

Miracle drugs and clean living have worked a wondrous cure. Movies *are* better than ever, and, what's more, people are going out to see them. But like many who have looked death in the face, the American movie industry will never be quite the same again. A measure of the change was to be seen in the televised awarding of the Oscars a few weeks ago. It was not just a press agent's stunt to have the show originate in New York as well as Hollywood. The picture that ran away with most of the prizes, "On the Waterfront," was basically not a Hollywood production. It had been made by a unit that was largely independent of Hollywood; many of its actors and technicians did not have degrees from Hollywood's finishing school.

The hegemony of Hollywood is breaking up. That's probably a very good thing.

The Lonely Marty

Another independent American unit has just presented a film named "Marty" which demonstrates outstandingly the possibilities of the new freedom producers and directors are beginning to enjoy. I am not just rubbing salt in Hollywood's imperfectly healed wounds when I mention that "Marty" was originally a TV play. Good writing is good writing no matter where you find it, and the movie producer who finds it and uses it is greatly to be commended. In this case it is Harold Hecht.

Paddy Chayefsky, who has adapted his own TV play to film, has brought out of drab people in a drab setting the ever-astonishing human beauty that can never be fabricated out of glamour girls beside swimming pools. Marty Pilletti, superbly played by Ernest Borgnine, is a thirty-four-year-old butcher who lives in the Bronx with his widowed mother (Esther Minciotti). He is fat, unattractive, and lonely. When his friends arrange a party on New Year's Eve, they always have to find a date for him. Marty and his friends hang around the tavern on the corner and now and then they pick up a few girls, but Marty always gets the brushoff. Some girls are always getting the brushoff too, and when Marty notices a plain twenty-nine-year-old schoolteacher named Clara (Betsy Blair) at a dance hall one Saturday night, he feels sorry for her, tries to comfort her ("You're not really as much of a dog as you think you are"), and finds, as the evening wears on, that for once he is not lonely, for once he is having a good time.

Marty's friends ride him cruelly for wasting a Saturday evening talking to a "dog." Marty's mother does not want him to die without a son,

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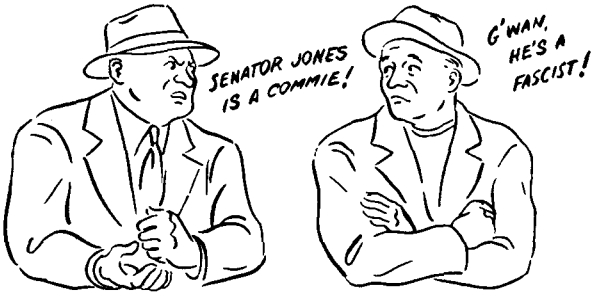

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but nevertheless she is troubled by her own fears of loneliness—her widowed sister Catherine (Augusta Ciolli) has been asked to move out of her own recently married son's three-room apartment, the only place she could still clean house and cook for her own family—and although Clara is Catholic, Mrs. Pilletti takes it into her head that there are plenty of nice Italian girls around and forbids Marty to bring her to the house any more.

Here is the choice Marty has to make. It is material of drama, and it is handled with sensitivity by all of the actors and, above all, by the director, Delbert Mann, who also directed the TV show.

The Eye of the Beholder

The background details of the film —two old Irishwomen gossiping over their beers in a bar, the aimlessly repetitive small talk of Marty's gang, the way the lonely men in the stag line at the dance hall eye the lonely girls waiting to be asked to dance—reinforce and heighten the ugliness of life in the unnatural barrens of a big city, an ugliness out of which people like Marty can yet somehow make love and generation.

"Marty" is a small but splendid sample of that richness and variety in American life which has been waiting all too long to be filmed and televised. Glamour girls beside swimming pools are not only a long way from what is most typical about American life; they are also a long way from what is most interesting about it. The people in Hollywood movies tend to be all very handsome —and all very anonymous. Some of the people in the crowd belong to races and religions that have, thank God, resisted disintegration in the abominable melting pot. Nature is not a putting green; its weeds and flowers break miraculously through the asphalt all around us.

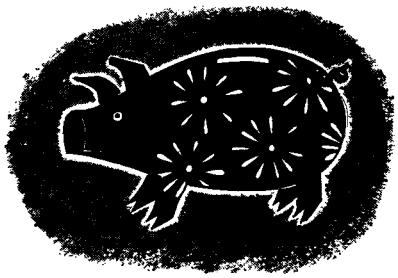
"MARTY" is not, if you'll pardon the expression, a Hollywood-type picture. But the independent producers must have the distribution that Hollywood to a considerable extent still controls. A few weeks in the "art theaters" are not enough. It will be interesting to see whether "Marty" gets the widespread distribution it deserves.

Fundamentalism In Finance

MARK VAN DOREN

THE GREAT CRASH, 1929, by John Kenneth Galbraith. *Houghton Mifflin. $3.*

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH begins and ends his history of October, 1929, with a tribute to the importance of that year: a singular, indeed a unique importance, and possibly a fateful one, whether in folklore or in finance. 1929, says Mr. Galbraith, is remembered as 1066 is remembered, or 1776, or 1914; and he might have added 1939 or 1945. But our memory of this year has had at least two phases: First we were fascinated, as at a dreadful spectacle we supposed would never recur; and then—which is to say now—the fascination was reborn, in the shape of a fear



that the calamity might come again. Of if fear be too strong a word, then a suspicion, or a premonition, or a vague surmise of possibility, with of course an accompanying hope, not to say resolution, that such a second coming will at all costs be prevented. Mr. Galbraith's own hope is that we shall continue to remember 1929 as the disaster it was, and in that hope he has written his history, which he thinks may help, in so far as it reminds us of things we may have forgotten or never known, to keep us "immunized" from the disease which came so near to killing our civilization.

Mr. Galbraith's history is among other things a brilliant narrative. It is even a drama, a Greek one, with beginning, middle, and end; and the end, like that of Oedipus, comes as a succession of shocks or strokes each one of which makes the one before it seem mild by comparison and in retrospect. What could have been worse than October 24? The answer is serial and climactic: October 29 was worse, and so was November 13, not to speak of other days, between these and beyond, whose burden of woe was all but impossible for the imagination to support. It was not an isolated quake; the ground continued to open and the economy to fall in. And Mr. Galbraith's chronicle of these days is such as to take the reader's breath. It owes, as its author generously acknowledges, a great deal to the final chapters of the late Frederick Lewis Allen's *Only Yesterday* (1931), a book which the public is wisely refusing to let die. But to speak of this debt is merely to say that Mr. Galbraith has ignored no valuable source, and not at all to suggest that he is anywhere less than magnificently in command of his material.

Folly and Suffering

Like any fine historian he is also a poet. He has a magic way with words and phrases, and this alone will reward many a reader of his work. His felicity, to be sure, is of the icy sort; for as a historian he belongs with Thucydides, Tacitus, and Machiavelli. He maintains, that is to say, an almost heartless detachment from the follies and sufferings he describes. He seems even to enjoy them. "One can relish," he remarks, "the varied idiocy of human action during a panic to the full, for, while it is a time of great tragedy, nothing is being lost but money."

He knows of course that more was lost in 1929 than money, and with respect to all that was lost he is so far from being heartless as in fact to have written this very book. Neither were his great forebears in the historian's art indifferent to the loss of liberty and life. Yet there is an advantage—rhetorical if nothing else—in a tone so cool, so distant, as to

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certify that the historian's concern with what happened, as well as with what may happen again, is untainted by panic or pity, since either of these might disqualify his judgment, might render it less surgically useful than in some remorseless perspective it ought to be.

So Mr. Galbraith's wit is of the mordant kind. He can say, for example, that with the disappearance of "organized support" during the second week of the crash "the speculator's only comfort, henceforth, was that his ruin would be accomplished in an orderly and becoming manner."

He can note, in the course of a section whose purpose is to refute the legend of a suicide wave between Halloween and Christmas of 1929, that nevertheless some men did take their lives, and that one of these was a "martyr" who "dipped himself in gasoline and touched himself off," and "took his wife with him." There was J. J. Riordan, too, the president of a bank and a close friend of Al Smith, one of his directors. Riordan shot himself on November 8. "Al Smith was notified, and his sorrow over the death of his friend was not diminished by the knowledge that the news might start a serious run on their bank."

Bankers

As for bankers in general—well, Mr. Galbraith neither loves nor loathes them, but is content to remark, as Machiavelli might, that they had better keep their power. "Despite a flattering supposition to the contrary, people come readily to terms with power. There is little reason to think that the power of the great bankers, while they were assumed to have it, was much resented. But as the ghosts of numerous tyrants, from Julius Caesar to Benito Mussolini, will testify, people are very hard on those who, having had power, lose it or are destroyed. Then anger at past arrogance is joined with contempt for present weakness. The victim or his corpse is made to suffer all available indignities. . . . A banker need not be popular; indeed, a good banker in a healthy capitalist society should probably be much disliked. . . . However, a banker must not seem futile, ineffective, or vaguely foolish. In contrast with the stern power of Morgan in 1907, that was precisely how his successors seemed, or were made to seem, in 1929."

Mr. Galbraith's own mastery of language moves him to scorn the "fiduciary prose" of the Federal Re-

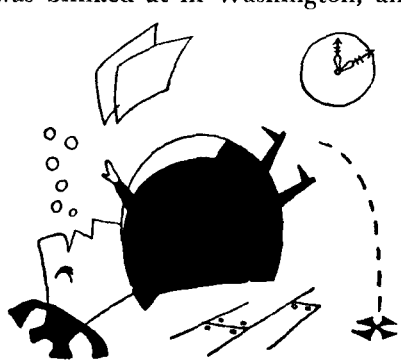
serve Board and the "market prose" of the *Wall Street Journal.* Also, it enables him in passing to cast a glance at "*Time* magazine, young and not yet omniscient." It inspires in him the phrases "fiscal incest" and "gargantuan insanity" wherewith to prelude his mock tribute to the investment trusts: "If there must be madness something may be said for having it on a heroic scale." It permits him the luxury of his terrible remark that in the fall of 1929 "disarmament was being discussed in that customarily desultory fashion which doubtless in the end will destroy us." It lets him remind us "that for effective incantation knowledge is neither necessary nor assumed." Mercilessly with its help he can say of Irving Fisher's failure to get attention for his book *The Stock Market Crash—and After:* "One trouble with being wrong is that it robs the prophet of his audience when he most needs it to explain why." And he can reach out with it to touch with a feather tip of irony the figure of Thomas E. Dewey, who arrested Charles E. Mitchell and ordered the arraignment of Richard Whitney yet "somehow has escaped a reputation as the nemesis of Wall Street."

Placing the Blame

But Mr. Galbraith's chief business is not phrasemaking. He has a story to tell and a thesis to develop, and he proceeds with both things as seriously as could be desired—or more so, depending on where the weight of his indictment falls. Not that the indictment is simple or glib. It is not, for instance, against Wall Street as such; nor against several other "symbols of evil" which he suspects us of wanting to single out and castigate. Nor does he rest in comfortable concepts of economic "law," nor does he credit those "rhythms" of occurrence and recurrence which might solace us by suggesting that no human error was made. In his view there was plenty of human error, indeed there was nothing but human error; and yet the blame cannot be put in one place alone.

If there is any one place where Mr. Galbraith tends to put it, that place is the people themselves—the speculators, most of them nameless now, who provided the drama by going mad. They were perhaps fewer than a million, but it was they who wanted to gamble. They were "not led to the slaughter." They were "impelled to it by the seminal idiocy which has always seized people who are seized in turn with the notion that they can become very rich."

They had recently been idiotic over Florida land; now they went into frenzies over stocks. Their insanity was fostered in Wall Street, was blinked at in Washington, and



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was flattered by professors in the universities; but it was their own insanity and nobody had forced it upon them. Winston Churchill, for example, had not done so in 1925, when as Chancellor of the Exchequer he returned Britain to the gold standard. The result of his action was that Americans were supplied with new funds to invest, but this explains nothing, insists Mr. Galbraith, since the existence of such funds at other times has not inspired speculation. Yet neither is it the people alone whom Mr. Galbraith blames. It is their bankers too, and their government, and their newspapers, and—the ultimate horror—their professor friends.

Professors . . .

Mr. Galbraith, himself a professor, takes special glee in this portion of the record. Mr. Roosevelt had his Brain Trust, but so did Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hoover have theirs, and it will not be Mr. Galbraith's fault if the principal figures concerned remain henceforth unknown. There was Irving Fisher of Yale, there was Charles Amos Dice of Ohio State, there was Joseph S. Davis of Stanford. Michigan contributed two prophets, David Friday and Edmund E. Day. So did Princeton in Edwin W. Kemmerer and the ineffable Joseph Stagg Lawrence. Mr. Galbraith has his fun with these men who should have known better than to cosset and coax the madness of the multitude—some of them seem to have thought it a divine madness, prophetic of the millennium to come—and then he cannot avoid, nor does he wish to avoid, the further disclosure that at his own university, Harvard, there was an Economic Society, whose members, after a decently pessimistic start, issued a long series of reassuring statements to the effect that the events of October and November, 1929, presaged neither a decline nor a depression. Only Roger Babson, known with scorn at the time as "the sage of Wellesley," kept his head first and last; though among financiers Paul M. Warburg did so too, and among newspapers the New York *Times* uniquely persisted in predicting doom. Whereas Arthur Brisbane won temporary credit with fantasies now difficult to conceive, the *Times* seemed to lose credit at those premature moments when the market dipped, then rose again. "Only a durable sense of doom," says Mr. Galbraith in one of his most charming paragraphs, "could survive such discouragement. . . . To say that the *Times*, when the real crash came, reported the event with jubilation would be an exaggeration. Nevertheless, it covered it with an unmistakable absence of sorrow."

. . . and Stuffed Shirts

"In our society the counterpart of the Kremlin walls is the thickly stuffed shirt." From within the folds of this garment incantation issued without

a break throughout the summer and fall of 1929, as indeed it had issued, though in minor volume, through the preceding years. As late as November, a bank advertised in the *Times* its faith that "the general industrial and business condition of the country is fundamentally sound and is essentially unimpaired." *Fundamentally, essentially;* and the greater of these terms, or at any rate the more magical one, was *fundamentally*. The fundamentals, says Mr. Galbraith, at last "turned sour," but until the late day when they did so they were good for headlines galore. Nobody seemed to weary of hearing that business, or industry, or the economic structure, or, as Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, put it on one occasion, "the great mass of economic activities," was possessed of "fundamental soundness."

Nearly every prominent man wore the shirt as if it were a uniform; or if he did not wear it, he gazed at it on others and believed the noises they made. "Fundamentally sound"—one would expect the people to have screamed with boredom because the phrase was so close about them, everywhere and all the time. Yet they did not, nor did they trouble the oracles with questions. The oracles, Mr. Galbraith thinks, could have had no knowledge of what they talked about because the economy of 1929 was in fact fundamentally unsound, for at least five reasons: the bad distribution of income, the bad corporate structure, the bad banking structure, the dubious state of the foreign balance, and the poor state of economic intelligence (the professors again). And this is why the whole blame for the Great Depression cannot be placed upon the Crash, even though it is simultaneously true that "business in 1929 . . . was vulnerable to the kind of blow it received from Wall Street. . . . when a greenhouse succumbs to a hailstorm something more than a purely passive role is normally attributed to the storm. One must accord similar significance to the typhoon which blew out of lower Manhattan in October 1929."

THE FINAL question now, of course, is whether 1929 can happen again. It is to this question that Mr. Galbraith's entire book is seriously directed, however much fun he may seem to be having as he goes. Of one thing he freely confesses himself ignorant: the future. So he makes no predictions. Too many were made before—most of them in the service of optimism when there was no provable excuse for optimism. A better thing now would be "sound pessimism," even in the face of government measures and controls that have come into existence since 1929—controls, to be sure, that are worth no more than the realism with which they are administered.

The realism and then the courage. For Mr. Galbraith makes it plain how brave a man or a board of men must be to warn of coming danger when an even greater danger, the

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determination not to listen, is present. Or worse than that, the disposition to accuse the sound pessimist of a sinister desire to destroy the very thing he would save. There were men in 1929 who knew the danger that was coming and whose warning might just possibly have been heeded; but so few of them spoke that nothing happened. It seemed dangerous to speak. "Sanity exposed one to ridicule, condemnation for spoiling the game, or the threat of severe political retribution."

Mr. Galbraith's best contribution is precisely here, and one can wish that Senator Capehart would read his book. In 1929 "there were some who saw, however dimly, that a wild speculation was in progress and that something should be done. For these people, however, every proposal to act raised the same intractable problem. The consequences of successful action seemed almost as terrible as the consequences of inaction, and they could be more horrible for those who took the action. A bubble can easily be punctured. But to incise it with a needle so that it subsides gradually is a task of no small delicacy. . . . The real choice was between an immediate and deliberately engineered collapse and a more serious disaster later on. Someone would certainly be blamed for the ultimate collapse when it came. There was no question whatever as to who would be blamed should the boom be deliberately deflated."

And now in 1955, says Mr. Galbraith, the situation is the same. "The government preventatives and controls are ready. In the hands of a determined government their efficacy cannot be doubted. There are, however, a hundred reasons why a government will determine not to use them. . . . Action to break up a boom must always be weighed against the chance that it will cause unemployment at a politically inopportune moment. Booms . . . are not stopped until after they have started. And after they have started the action will always look . . . like a decision in favor of immediate as against ultimate death. As we have seen, the immediate death not only has the disadvantage of being immediate but of identifying the executioner. . . . The newspapers, some of them, will . . . speak harshly of those who think action might be in order. They will be called men of little faith."

From here it is a straight line to Mr. Galbraith's conclusion. He assumes that our economy is sounder enough now to withstand a crash if it should come—or rather, he would like to assume this and yet must admit that the evidence, the whole evidence, must wait upon the event, if any. Meanwhile, there is comfort for him in the knowledge that the distribution of income is less lopsided than it was in 1929; that the problem of foreign balance is now chronic instead of acute; that "there has been a modest accretion of economic knowledge"; and that the farm program, unemployment compensation, Social Security, a stabler tax system, and Federal insurance of bank deposits have already reformed many things in the direction of safety. Nevertheless, "it would probably be unwise to expose the economy to the shock of another major speculative collapse."

And there is still the probability, which for Mr. Galbraith must be all the stronger since his recent visit to Washington, that realism and courage, supposing such a shock to be imminent, may fail those men who best could use them for our good. "Long-run salvation by men of business has never been highly regarded if it means disturbance in the present. So inaction will be advocated in the present even though it means deep trouble in the future. Here, at least equally with communism, lies the threat to capitalism. It is what causes men who know that things are going quite wrong to say that things are fundamentally sound."

A Columnist's Guide To Darkest Africa

VIRGILIA PETERSON

Something of Value, by Robert Ruark. *Doubleday. $5.*

Out of Africa in the past few years have come books of considerable stature, freighted with the peculiar intensity of affection and suffering exacted by that beloved country from those who belong there. Out of Africa, also, have come tourists—hunters, explorers, political economists—to testify to its enchantment, terror, and majesty. But it remained for Robert Ruark, an American newspaper columnist who went hunting in Africa, to emerge with such a monster trophy as this novel, which has won an M.G.M. contract ($300,000) and is a Book-of-the-Month-Club choice. Prophetically he entitled it *Something of Value.*

Something of Value concerns the conflict between the races as dramatized by the recent Mau Mau uprisings in Kenya.

" 'We are called Mau Mau,' the rebel leader told Kimani, young Kikuyu outlaw, newly recruited.

" 'Mau Mau? Mau Mau? Meaning what?' asked Kimani.

" 'Meaning nothing whatsoever,' the leader replied. 'But it is a very

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short name and will fit nicely into the newspaper headlines.' "

In Black and White

How nicely this name has fitted into the accounts of their ill-doings every newspaper reader knows. But only as proficient a sensationalist as Robert Ruark could have foreseen how nicely the Mau Maus could be used to yield a profit.

Mr. Ruark's luck was running good when he chose for protagonists one black youth and one white, and thus set out to portray contemporary boys in the opening pages, playing their warrior games almost as equals. Peter McKenzie, son of a British landholder, and Kimani, son of McKenzie's Kikuyu headman, both straight little arrows of mankind when you meet them, are destined, in their fifteenth year, to part. On the boys' first grown-up hunt, Jeff Newton, soon to marry Peter's older sister, struck Kimani in order to put him in his place. To the Kikuyu boy, the blow meant more than dishonor it meant a curse upon his house. And so he threw a spear at the white man with intent to kill and disappeared. Never again would Peter and Kimani come together till one of them had to die.

Back and forth throughout the book, Mr. Ruark moves from white world to black. At twenty, Peter had become a famous safari hunter, Kimani the infamous leader of a Mau Mau band. Peter eats well, Kimani hungers; Peter bestows his favors upon women casually, Kimani pays for stolen warmth. Peter sits atop the world; Kimani crouches beneath it. In Kimani's dark hands lies the power to destroy Peter's light.

You would not quarrel with this armature of Mr. Ruark's—the two young men who symbolize two worlds—though it might be called an oversimplification. You would not quarrel with the stock characters, burly males and shapely females, who populate the story, nor with the stock scenes of native magic or white revelry. You would not necessarily quarrel with the panegyric of the safari on which Peter takes a stereotyped, silver-spoon couple from America, though over every word falls the long shadow of Hemingway, nor with the measured dialogue of the Kikuyu folk through which sounds the bell tone of Alan Paton's voice. You would not even quarrel with Mr. Ruark's veiled message which, if rightly understood, implies that something of value belonging to the African blacks has been destroyed by the African whites.

What you do quarrel with, however, what raises your hackles against an otherwise slickly acceptable dramatization of one of the world's most poignant problems, is the licentious violence in this book and the obvious relish with which the author unearths and lays bare nature's obscene rites and sacrifices, and those of man. That hyena eats dead lion, and vulture eats dead hyena, and both eat dead man are, of course, facts. But why dwell upon them with such lingering accuracy? No novel reader needs to know the atrocious manner in which the Mau Maus enforce their oaths upon each other, nor does any full description of such horror—given repeatedly by Mr. Ruark—belong outside a scientific tract.

It should go without saying that the rest of the world must know and understand the terror that came to every Kenya farm when the Mau Mau moved against the British; the inefficacy of the Home Office in countering that terror; the psychology of the blacks, whose fancied and real grievances made them rise; the psychology of the whites who tortured in self-defense. It is fitting for a writer to work upon these facts. But the image of the blood bath has in itself enough impact for most of us today. Mr. Ruark has plunged his hands in it, and all the perfumes of Arabia could never sweeten them for this reader again.

Can Johnny Read? And If Not, Why Not?

FRED M. HECHINGER

Why Johnny Can't Read, by Rudolf Flesch. *Harper. $3.*

At almost any dinner party these days some parent is likely to worry aloud about a child who has serious difficulty with his reading. Often it is a matter of a child's undermined self-confidence and of an incipient sense of inferiority. Even colleges find themselves forced to offer "remedial reading" to some of their otherwise promising freshmen, and that should be a danger signal. Finally, there is evidence that America is becoming a less and less book-reading nation.

Many educators offer statistical apologies: tests showing that more people read than ever before (undoubtedly true, since there *are* more people than ever before); comparative figures of national averages, median scores, and similarly complicated shop talk. This is no answer for the parent whose child can't read or for the adolescent who finds reading difficult and unpleasant.

For their second line of defense educators fall back on prepared positions of mental blocks in a world of tensions, on unhappy home lives, and an age of insecurity. As a last resort they cite television, eyestrain, and similar obstructions.

Fallacious 'New' Theory?

There is probably an element of truth in each of these defensive protests. But the fact remains that, no matter how grave the obstacles, it is the primary job of the school to teach children to read. A so-called "nonreader" is just an illiterate by any other name, no matter what his other accomplishments. Somewhere something has gone wrong.

Rudolf Flesch, the noted author and consultant who is said to have made the Associated Press more readable, tells us what it is. In his book he claims that all nonreading is caused by one thing: the "word-reading" method that has been in vogue in most American schools for the past twenty-five years. Go back to

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the alphabet—or phonic—method of teaching, he says, and all will be well.

The above is an oversimplification of the Flesch oversimplification of a problem that is anything but simple. To begin with, it must be explained that "word reading" means the child is taught to read entire words rather than single letters. This, Mr. Flesch rightly points out, if carried to total and final absurdity means that you would have to teach children to memorize and recognize every word they are to read at any time in their reading lives. This would lead to a giant burden on the memory or a dwarfed vocabulary. Since the first is impossible for many, the later is to be expected of most.

Dr. Flesch is right about the folly of many educators who embraced the new "word-reading" theory with uncritical enthusiasm. They perverted the results of honest and promising experiments by jumping at final conclusions.

The Great Textbook Plot

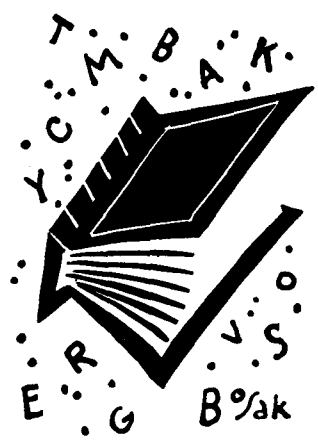
Dr. Flesch implies that the present method of teaching is the result of some sinister conspiracy among textbook publishers. I don't believe this, and in order not to be labeled naïve I suggest that it would, on the contrary, be tremendously profitable for a publisher to advocate a different way of teaching and corner the market with it. But I don't think that the textbook trade is so corrupt or that educator-authors are so shrewdly irresponsible. If they were, they'd be in a more profitable line of business.

It is easy to go along with Dr. Flesch's scorn for the more foolish, faddish educators. When he quotes from one article on reading, published in 1938, which asked teachers to prevent children from moving their lips by having them stick their fingers in their mouths or chew gum, he ably documents the doctrinaire stupidity that can, at times, be found in education. (It is true that, with the possible exceptions of doctors and airplane pilots, educators can least afford stupidity.)

One Extreme to Another

But while the excesses of word reading were wrong, Dr. Flesch is just as wrong in painting the excesses as either the rule or the intention. The sensible aim of the word-reading method was to lead from the word to the letter, rather than the other way around, or (to put it more scientifically) to lead from the concrete to the abstract, from the known picture to the unknown symbol.

There were two main theories behind this idea: that the young child can most easily deal with the concrete and the known, and that most minds respond more readily to the visible and pictorial than to the audible. The first theory is almost certainly correct; on the second there



is some doubt, and it is now believed that a considerable minority of children respond better by ear than by sight. To some, for instance, the practice of reading aloud and hearing their own voices is essential.

It is therefore quite possible that the same method of teaching to read is not the best method for everyone. This is a heresy for which both Mr. Flesch and the educators he attacks will probably join forces and have me tarred and feathered and pronounced wrong from A to Zebra.

What arouses my doubts about the Flesch approach is his peculiar interpretation of "reading readiness" and his extreme claims of extreme failure of the current method. "If you are a twentieth-century American educator, equipped with the theory of 'readiness,' you drop the whole matter [of reading] instantly and wait until the child, on his own, asks to be taught." Some incompetent teachers may do just that. Those who understand "readiness" won't. They work, as I have observed in many classrooms, from morning to mid-afternoon to get the child ready: to explain the meaning of words and terms which, they believe, should be understood before the words are read. They believe that understanding should precede the mechanics so that the mechanics become meaningful.

Flesch claims that the children, once they begin to read under the word method, are expected to read only the words they have seen and thus memorized. As a result, he holds, there are no books they can read except idiotic ones written expressly for them.

Again my observations have not borne this out where good teachers interpreted the modern method correctly and used it as a first step. I have seen entire seventh-grade classes read and write book reviews on anything from Mark Twain and *Little Women* to Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar.* They did not achieve this by memorizing the word pictures of all of Shakespeare's vocabulary; they had progressed, through good teaching, from the word picture to the more and more automatic analysis of the words' alphabetic components. By way of confirmation, the March, 1955, issue of *High Points,* a magazine published by the New York City Board of Education, lists a number of books that are being read in the New York public schools. Among these are: *Treasure Island, The Scarlet Letter, Mutiny on the Bounty, Hiroshima,* and *The Return of the Native.* A Long Island City high-school history teacher has been using *The Red Badge of Courage* and *Gone with the Wind.*

No Shades of Gray

I am not sure that the present approach to reading is sound, and I am certain that intolerant claims by some educators that it is the only and unassailable method is a vicious example of intolerant expertise. More power to Dr. Flesch for ridiculing it. (It is also quite obvious that the low state of book reading in the nation has little to do with this entire argument, since only Americans below the age of thirty, to use Dr. Flesch's own figures, have learned to read the new way.)

What is disturbing is that it has

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become the American habit to deal in absolutes. The pendulum must swing from one extreme to the other. Theories must be swallowed whole, unwashed and unchewed, or rejected outright as totally false and vicious. Problems must be met with immediate, total solution. An author who offers less has a hard time getting on the best-seller list, if he is fortunate enough to find a publisher.

And so Rudolf Flesch says flatly of his way: "The point is that this method is *guaranteed*" (with his own italics). He tells parents: "By far the best thing you can do is to teach your child to read before he ever *gets* into the habit of word guessing. My advice is, teach your child yourself how to read—at the age of five." His book—the second part consists of do-it-yourself exercises—tells parents how to go about it. He says this is "wholly in the American tradition," what with the early pioneers and the current willingness of millions to paint their own living rooms. "Why not take on instruction in reading? Surely you can do a simple job like that."

Perhaps educators brought this on themselves. Certainly every teacher who condemns the Flesch attack on the current state of the teaching of reading and says that Dr. Flesch is wholly wrong and the school is wholly right will move me and thousands like me closer to the Flesch theory. But for the moment I find it hard to swallow the author's warning: "I say, therefore, that the word method is gradually destroying democracy in this country."

He says: "Let's not argue about doctrines and theories, about who is to blame for what has happened. Let's start all over again. . ." There ought to be room for good, reasonable arguments about theories and doctrines. There must be some people left who think a case can be

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made for experimentation, even when there is no way of telling whether the experiment will work, let alone be *guaranteed* to offer the only chance of saving democracy.

A few years ago, while strolling about the Lake District of England, I ran into a simple country schoolmaster. He showed me his library, and I was surprised to find some American "reading-readiness" books in it. They had been left by an American exchange teacher, he said, and he found them very useful.

"But you know," he added, "I discovered that some children do better by the new way and others by the old. And so, according to the children's reaction, I use the one or the other or a combination of the two, whichever is best for each child." He did not think that with this discovery he had found the final answer. I don't believe he even thought he would ever find it at all. This did not seem to worry him.

BOOK NOTES

THE GOOD SHEPHERD, by C. S. Forester. *Little, Brown. $3.75.*

THERE is no question of evaluating this book against the thousand accounts of convoys carrying aid to Britain during the war. One may say that the techniques of convoy escort may now be detailed without considerations of security—for the simple reason that they have probably become obsolete. What then makes this short account so moving? It is simply that man's courage and endurance, isolated from the mud of the trenches of 1914 and from the immense diorama of the Second World War, are placed in the angry seas—as in any simple landscape—so that in every instant they stand starkly alone, embodied in the Destroyer Commander, serious, tired, responsible, and deciding.

●

THE GATES OF THE SEA, by Philippe Diolé. Translated by Alan Ross. *Julian Messner. $4.50.*

BENEATH the quiet sea in the Mediterranean there are the marble columns that Greek ships lost when they foundered, the amphora, the torso of the goddess, the coins bear-

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ing the spear of wheat, the clear profile of the gods. There are also the abandoned docks in the forsaken harbors—the evidence of trade, silent testimony of the ancient world, so young, so active. Since the invention of the aqualung, a whole literature has sprung up in which archaeologists, historians, and poets—amateurs perforce, since they are also athletes—describe what they see, gliding amongst the fish, as they twist their bodies to rise and fall in the stillness, reaching to touch what modern man has never seen. Philippe Diolé is one of the best narrators among them. In this book he continues to explore the Mediterranean.

●

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE FREE, by Milton Mayer. *University of Chicago. $4.75.*

IN THE atomic age, the Germans, now rearmed and our allies, are no longer made to seem the most obvious instruments for world destruction. Yet rearmed or not, there are the moving-picture and television views of young Germans marching and the crowd applauding them. These views are disturbing no matter in what perspective they are placed, and no amount of similar views of Russians can provide us with tranquillity. Milton Mayer has looked at ten postwar Germans, inquiring as to what extent these former Nazis have profited by our advice to be pacific and democratic forever, and our subsequent counsel to become fine soldiers once more—for democracy, of course. Mr. Mayer's ten interviews are case histories, but he has written them with understanding, sympathy, and great literary skill. As a result, these Germans—who set fire to the synagogue in their little town, who are still anti-Semitic, who have not understood a word of U.S. indoctrination, and who obviously will support the next anti-Communist Hitler who calls on them—remain human beings.

●

THE NIGHT OF TIME, by René Fülöp-Miller. *Bobbs-Merrill. $3.75.*

THERE was a time of innocence. After the First World War there were men who thought that something could be written that might effectively prevent any other war. Barbusse and Remarque wrote books for this purpose. And there was a Frenchman called Louis Guilloux who wrote a book, not about the fighting but about what people in a French provincial town thought about the fighting and the needlessness of any fighting anywhere forever.

After the Second World War the time of innocence was ended—in classical Greece it was ended even when Aristophanes wrote that bitter comedy, *Lysistrata,* which our Post Office Department found objectionable for a while recently. After the Second World War writers no longer held any hope of preventing future wars. They whined, but without conviction. *The Night of Time,* filled with Germanic violence, humor, and fantasy, almost persuades one that there is still a novelist who has not given up. Only Christ can save us, the writer says, wherefore we are going to do Christ in by annihilating the material—man—that Christ can save. There is a fine passage about man's attempt to end the world.

●

THE PILTDOWN FORGERY, by J. S. Weiner. *Oxford. $3.50.*

THE French Jesuit and paleoanthropologist Teilhard de Chardin who died in New York last month was one of the first scientists to play around the gravel pit where the bones of the Piltdown man were found in England forty-odd years ago. He suspected no wrong. The Piltdown man did not fit into any scheme, particularly the Darwinian. This sad skull, with no Hamlet to sing over it, had to be cracked and shattered before it could be made into the "missing link." Yet the scientists solemnly and reverently fussed with it, placing it on the altar of British achievement. A tooth was wrong, it seemed, but the tooth was there, and the evidence seemed incontrovertible that the tooth was not there by accident or fraud.

Then the rays that can show that an old master is faked were set on the Piltdown skull, and the modern experts used chemical analysis, too—the skull is a fraud. So we are back where we started from. The account of how we returned makes a fine detective story—without blood but with fine old bones.

●

THE ASSASSINS, by Robert J. Donovan. *Harper. $4.*

WE ARE apt to think that only peculiarly murderous peoples—in the Near East, in Europe, in the classical Rome of Julius Caesar—kill their kings. But not all our Presidents died in bed. How men have murdered them, or tried to, and for what warped reasons, is admirably told in this carefully documented, unsensational, and fascinating book.

●

A DREAM OF TREASON, by Maurice Edelman. *Lippincott. $3.50.*

IT IS interesting to read this novel about a British Foreign Office security case in which a Cabinet report is leaked to the French press. This is not too much of a novel, but the author, a British M.P., knows what he is talking about and specifically a great deal about the deliberate leaking of documents for political reasons. We have seen that sort of thing going on in this country. If you are going to read quite an exciting trifle, it does no harm to have its background mean something. It is also a relief to have no Communist villains in the picture—they are becoming somewhat tedious—and to have the kind of wit that

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describes the British chief investigator in the case as a policeman disguised as a colonel disguised as a civilian.

●

BOOTH TARKINGTON: GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA, by James Woodress. *Lippincott. $5.*

THIS first full biography of Tarkington, based on the subject's papers at Princeton, tells all of general interest in a long, successful life devoted largely to the production of quietly realistic fiction in the Howells tradition—work that because of its essential topicality and its antiquated though estimable social viewpoint will continue to "date." But the Penrod stories and *Seventeen,* with their humorous insight into boyhood and adolescence of a more spacious time and milieu, the early twentieth-century Midwest, will continue to delight, and the poignant *Alice Adams* to be appreciated.

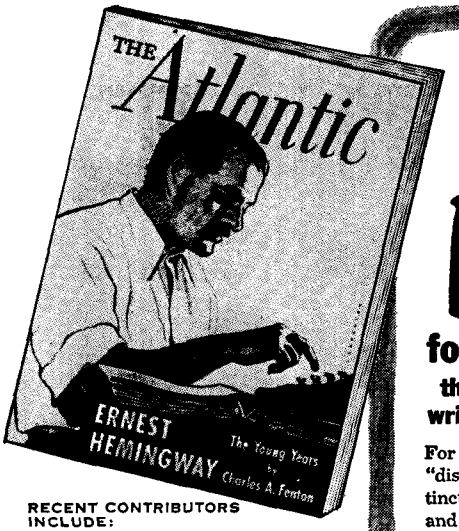
Tarkington's only crusades during peacetime were for decency, both personal and governmental, and against industrial smoke and Communism. During both World Wars he was an articulate interventionist. He was an idealist but not a reformer; he even deplored the unbalanced budgets of the last Hoover years.

All the forty-odd novels, the score or more of plays, and the most notable short stories are summarized here—a useful but tedious service. The many anecdotes, some of them hilarious, make better reading; the best consists of excerpts from Tarkington's letters and published work. Here he is uniformly amiable and courteous, a man who enjoys living and observing life and never lacks courage and integrity.

●

WALL STREET: MEN AND MONEY, by Martin Mayer. *Harper. $3.75.*

FOR READERS who enjoyed Martin Mayer's "The Fabulous Firm of Merrill Lynch" (*The Reporter,* March 10), here is the book from which that article was excerpted. The guide on this tour of Wall Street shows how the wonderfully intricate mechanism works and describes it alertly. He is no doctrinaire.



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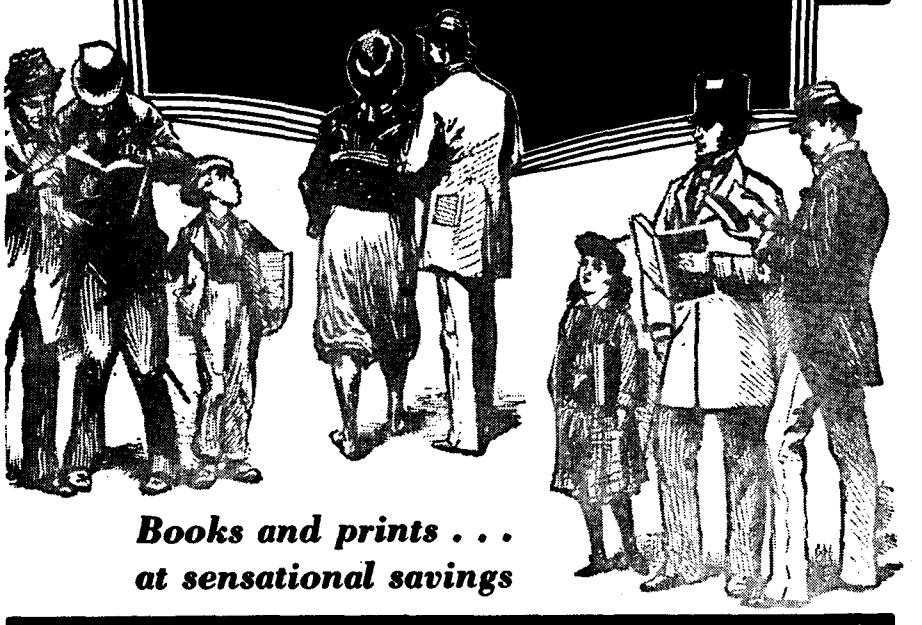

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